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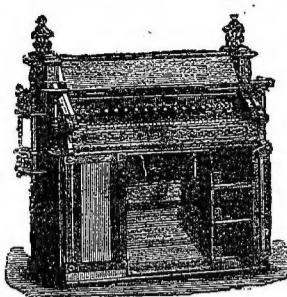
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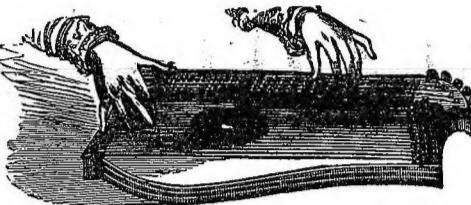
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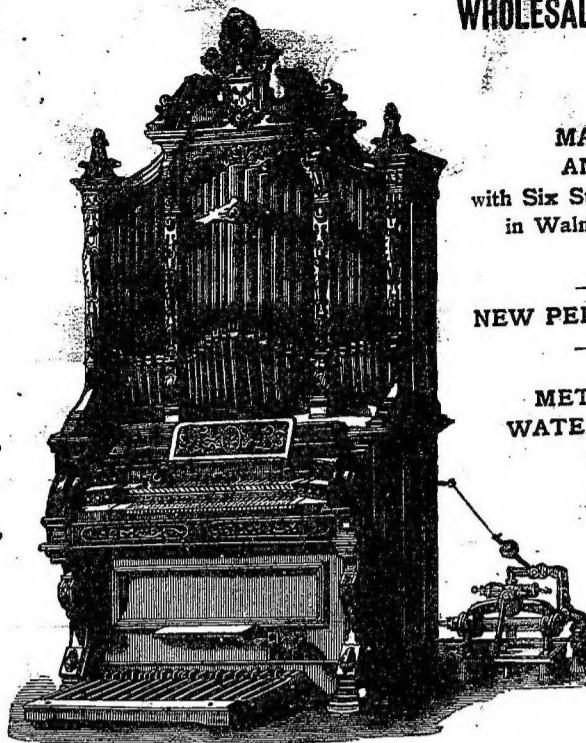
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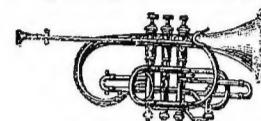
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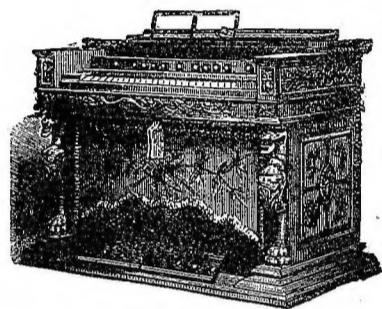
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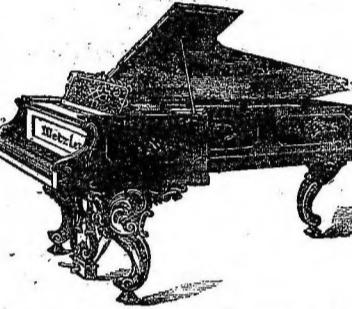
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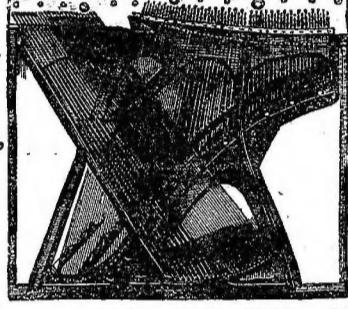
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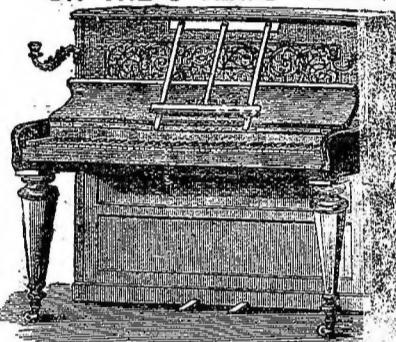
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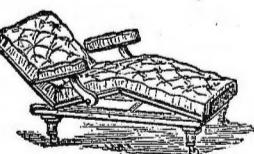
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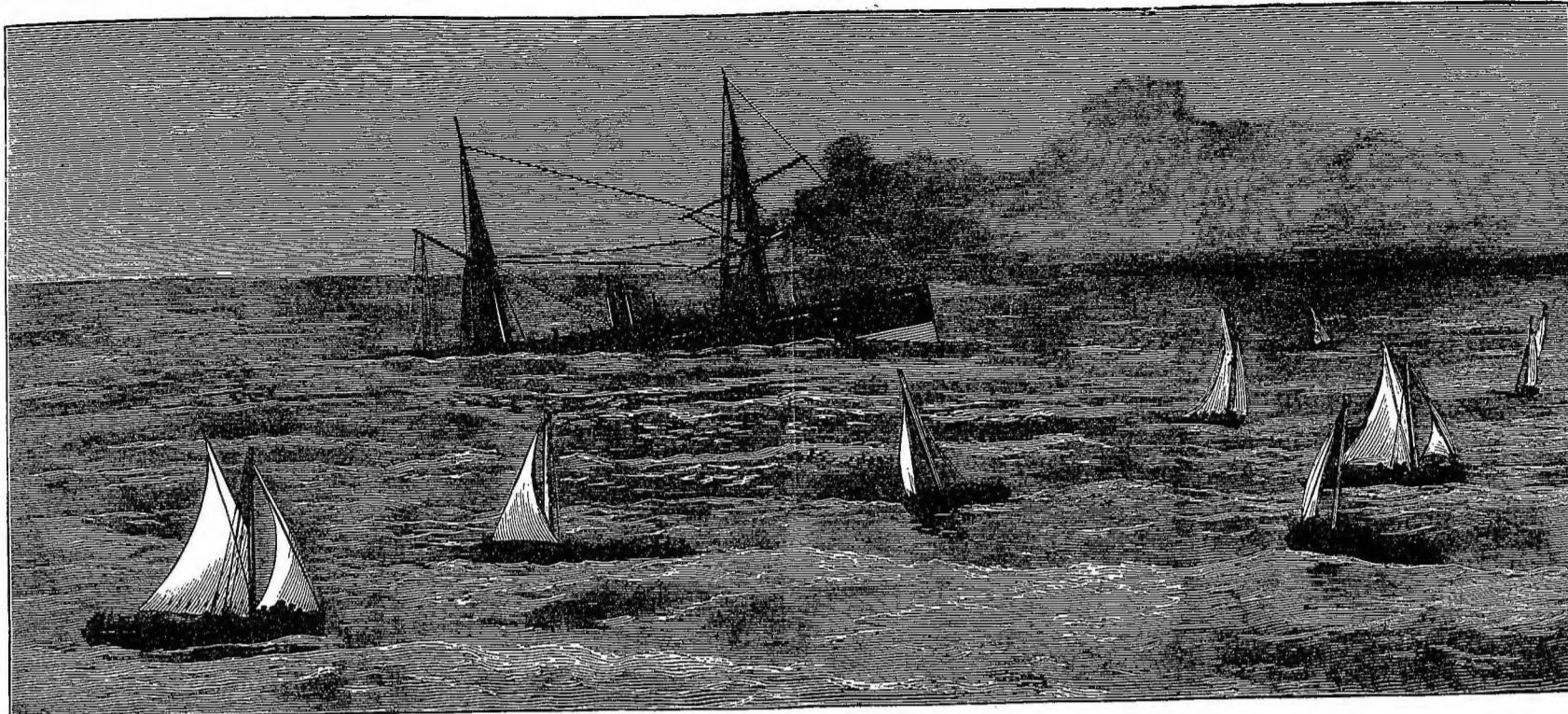
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THE LOSS OF THE CAPE MAIL STEAMSHIP "AMERICAN"

Topics of the Week

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—The Royal Message opens with the briefest possible allusion to the Dissolution, and the return of the Liberals to power. No one expected that there would be any very startling announcement in a Queen's Speech which prefaces a Session already within three months of the whirr of the grouse's wings. With reference to the Eastern Question, the new Government hope to restore the European concert. The Opposition will doubtless take umbrage at this phrase, for they will maintain that the concert was already restored by the Treaty of Berlin. Nevertheless, it is likely that the present Ministry will deal more sternly with Turkey than their predecessors, and will (provided the European concert does not become inharmonious) insist on the claims of Greece being settled, and other stipulated reforms carried out. About Afghanistan there is nothing said which could not have been said by the late Government. Sir Bartle Frere, we presume, is to be left to carry out the work of confederation in South Africa, and may be regarded, therefore, as the sole survivor of the Liberal flood which has swept away all other Tory officials. British supremacy over the Transvaal is to be maintained, and the subject of Indian Finance is to receive special attention. In domestic legislation, the Liberals are usually more active than the Tories, and, considering the shortness of the Session, a bountiful bill of fare is promised. The Burials Bill is to be made a Government measure, and will, it is to be hoped, despite the dismal vaticinations of Bishop Wordsworth, be perfected into an Act. Farmers are to be protected from the ravages of ground game, a boon well-deserved by Scotch tenants, who are usually ardent Whigs, and who are the chief sufferers in this respect; the Ballot Act is, as a matter of course, to be renewed; employers are to be made liable for accidents sustained in their service by workmen; the English and Irish borough franchises are to be assimilated, a measure which will deprive the Home Rulers of a pet grievance, though they will no doubt soon discover another; and, as has already been announced, the experiment is once more to be tried of governing Ireland without "Coercion" Bills. A Royal Commission, moreover, is to be appointed to inquire into the City Companies; and the question of London Water Supply is to be referred to a Select Committee. If this programme can be fulfilled by the 12th of August next, the new House of Commons will earn the respect of the constituencies, as being an industrious and business-like Assembly.

MR. PARNELL AND THE HOME RULERS.—The appointment of Mr. Parnell as the leader of the Home Rule party has excited some surprise in England, but the arrangement is probably the wisest that could have been made. Whatever we may think of Mr. Parnell's personal qualities, he is unquestionably the most powerful politician in Ireland, and it is right that his influence should be controlled by the sense of responsibility which must be more or less associated with leadership. One of the chief objections hitherto urged against Home Rule has been its want of sincerity. The party wanted, it has been said, much more than they openly proclaimed; and it is hardly pretended by the Home Rulers themselves that the charge has been without foundation. No such accusation can now be made, for Mr. Parnell plainly formulates his demands. He does not conceal that the change or revolution which he advocates is rather social than political, and that the establishment of an Irish Parliament would be but the first step towards the complete overturning of the existing land system. Englishmen will thus have an opportunity of knowing the real character of the problem with which they are called upon to deal, and it is needless to point out the advantage which this will give them in debate. That Mr. Parnell's object will be attained few people out of Ireland believe. But it will, at any rate, be frankly discussed, and it is possible that the more sensible section of the Home Rulers may be favourably impressed by a clear and authoritative statement of the English point of view. There will be all the more chance of this good result if Parliament proves its willingness to remedy every genuine Irish grievance.

AT BRIDGEWATER HOUSE.—There is something rather absurd in the conventionalism which declares that a meeting is strictly private, carefully excludes professional reporters, and yet furnishes a report of its proceedings for the benefit of the newspapers, the *Standard* being naturally especially favoured in this respect. But Englishmen are accustomed to these technical niceties, so we may let the matter pass without further comment. It is more interesting to learn that Lord Beaconsfield still continues to lead the Conservative party, and that he has not lost a whit of his courage in the face of a crushing defeat. This latter trait might have been expected. During the greater part of his long political career Lord Beaconsfield has been accustomed to the cold shade of Opposition, and his tenacity and pluck are admitted by his bitterest enemies. His remarks on the causes of the disaster which lately befell his party are worth noting. He told his hearers that after careful consideration he attributed the defeat of the late Government chiefly to simple love of

change on the part of the electors. This theory is certainly supported by the remarkable revulsion of feeling which has already taken place in some constituencies since the General Election. It would be foolish to imagine that these are signs of a universal reaction; nevertheless, the light-heartedness with which Oxford, Sandwich, and Wigton Burghs have altered their minds within a few short weeks may not unnaturally excite some qualms in the breasts of the new Ministers. As the Conservatives are usually supposed to be a more united party than their opponents, it is a little surprising to hear Lord Beaconsfield advising a stricter organisation in future. His lordship was too politic to add what perhaps he nevertheless thought, namely, that there might have been a better selection of candidates. Even a heated Conservative partisan will find it difficult to deny that, man for man, the Liberal candidates were better fitted than their adversaries to make useful members of Parliament. Whether this fault can be amended in the future, or whether Liberalism invariably attracts the most promising politicians to its banner, we will not at present attempt to discover.

WHAT AUSTRIA HAS PROMISED.—Thoroughgoing supporters of Mr. Gladstone have tried hard to make out that his apology to Austria is important only because it formally records the promise of the Emperor not to advance beyond her present limits in South Eastern Europe. It may, however, be questioned whether any such promise as this has been given in an absolute sense. That Austria would prefer, if possible, not to push her boundaries further south is generally acknowledged, and was as well known at the time of Mr. Gladstone's accusations as it is now. The opposition of Hungary would alone suffice to make the Emperor pause before sanctioning ambitious schemes in this direction. The question is, however, Will it be possible for him always to maintain the cautious policy which he now favours? The answer to the question depends not on him but on Russia. If Russia is satisfied with the existing situation Austria can have no sort of motive for seriously modifying it. Were Panslavism, however, once more to assert itself, Austria could not, and would not, remain an indifferent spectator. She would know that her very existence as an independent Power would then be threatened; and not only would she herself act, but she would probably be cordially supported by Germany. The tendency of opinion in England for the time appears to be in favour of the notion that Russia will not in future be a disturbing element in the solution of the Eastern Question. Every lover of peace must hope that this view is correct, but it would be foolish to ignore the fact that it is not the view adopted on the Continent. The Liberals of every European country except England distrust Russia as much as ever, and do not, therefore, attach the slightest importance to Austria's conditional engagement.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—The amendment of the Lunacy Laws is one of those useful but unexciting topics which are wont to be neglected amid the din of partisan strife. If not during the present truncated Session, at all events next year it is to be hoped that Parliament will grapple seriously with the subject. At the outset there is the question, "Who ought to pronounce on a case of alleged insanity?" At present two medical practitioners, who may possibly have never set eyes on a mad person, can jointly sign a certificate which may consign a man or woman to life-long imprisonment. The powers thus conferred seem liable to abuse, and terrible instances of such abuse may be culled from the pages of romance writers. It may be doubted whether in these days such stories have much substratum of fact on which to rest. Believing, therefore, that the present apparently rough-and-ready system of deciding upon a case of insanity does on the whole practically work well, we doubt the advisability of Dr. Mortimer Granville's suggestion that a person alleged to be labouring under mental derangement should be removable to an asylum *without certificate*, but should within eighteen hours of that time be examined by a medical officer appointed by the Board of Lunacy. The mere fact of being locked up in an asylum leaves an unpleasant and often ineffaceable stigma on a man, and therefore the existing law wisely orders that examination should precede incarceration. Besides, we would sooner trust such serious decisions to a couple of chance medical men than to an official expert. These "mad doctors" see so much madness that, as is well known, they get a belief that everybody is more or less mad. Perhaps they are right; our contention here merely is that those who believe that sane persons are locked up under the present system would obtain no additional safeguard from the proposed alteration. But we do honestly believe that as matters now are numbers of persons who have ceased to be insane are still kept in confinement. Pecuniarily, the managers of private asylums have no more inducement to cure their patients than hotel-keepers have to dismiss their guests, and, as persons who have once been mad and troublesome may possibly become mad and troublesome again, their friends and relatives are very often quite willing to leave them under lock and key. These remarks especially apply to the lower-priced private asylums, and it is easy to see that an ex-patient, although pronounced to be legally sane, may be a terrible burden and anxiety to relations who cannot afford to keep special attendants to look after him. If all asylums were converted into public institutions, the cure of the patients would be the primary aim of the managers, but, as people who

have insane friends naturally shrink from publicity, it is very doubtful if the abolition of private asylums would commend itself to English usages.

TURKEY AND THE POWERS.—There is obviously a strong desire in every European capital to see the existing disorganisation of the Turkish Empire brought to an end. This has been clearly proved by the favourable reception accorded to Lord Granville's Circular Note, and by the tone of the comments on the appointment of so strong and honest a statesman as Mr. Goschen to the Embassy at Constantinople. There seems, however, to be almost too sanguine an anticipation of the results which may be expected from the joint action of the Powers. The European concert has certainly not produced very magnificent benefits in the past; and we may be excused for doubting whether (even assuming that a real European concert on the matter is possible) it will be much more effective in the near future. Most people who have closely observed Turkey are of opinion that the whole system of government now established is so corrupt as to be almost past hope of remedy. It may be, however, that reform would not be impossible if the Powers boldly attacked the root of the evil instead of dealing merely with its symptoms. Most of the troubles of the Turkish populations spring from the supremacy of the selfish class vaguely talked of in England as "the Pashas." Why should not Europe appeal directly from these wretched despots to the people themselves? When a Parliament was summoned to Constantinople, Western politicians smiled incredulously; but the national representatives proved to be so inconveniently curious respecting the details of administration that they were quickly sent about their business. There can be very little doubt that if they had been allowed to exercise their legitimate powers they would have done more for the cause of good government in six months than diplomacy could effect in as many years. The experiment, if tried again, could do no harm; and it might have excellent consequences.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.—The experience of the wars which have occurred during the last forty years must have given the Chinese juster ideas of the strength of the great European nations than they formerly entertained, and now that the Emperor has condescended to send Ambassadors to the outer barbarians, he and his advisers ought to learn still more of Western resources. One imagines that if the Chinese officials knew as much as an ordinarily well-informed European knows concerning the respective chances of success in a contest between Russia and China they would solicitously avoid war. It is very unlikely that the Chinese will blockade Cronstadt or invest Moscow, whereas it is very likely that, in the event of war, the Russians will inflict very much misery on the Chinese seaboard. We sincerely hope this war may be averted, first, because, like all wars, it will cause much suffering to thousands of unoffending human creatures, both Muscovite and Celestial; and, secondly, for more selfish and interested reasons. This Russo-Chinese War will involve two dangers, one immediate, the other remote. The immediate danger would be the blockade of the treaty-ports, Shanghai perhaps excepted, and the consequent derangement and paralysation of trade. The remote danger is this. War is a stern and efficient teacher, an effectual dispeller of shams and unrealities. Under the pressure of defeat the Chinese may discover their undoubted inferiority to the barbarians of the West. They may carry out the naval and military reforms which they have already feebly begun. And who will venture to deny that under such circumstances a people so industrious, so ingenious, so multitudinous, so regardless of life, may not become formidable? We have always maintained that the Chinese are destined to play an important part in coming history. And, so far from regarding Russia with animosity, we ought to view her as a friendly buffer between ourselves and these modern Huns.

CENTRAL MISGOVERNMENT.—An instructive letter appeared in *The Times* this week from a gentleman in Chesterfield, giving some illustrations of the disadvantage of too highly centralised a system of administration. A few years ago a small township, called Tapton, was united with Brimington for School Board purposes, although Tapton is close to Chesterfield, and it was known that the children of the place would attend Chesterfield schools. The result of this arrangement is that Brimington receives two pupils from Tapton, and that the unfortunate village has had to pay for their education 376/- during the past year. In the same neighbourhood the Government authorities have just compelled the owners of certain works to discontinue the blowing of a whistle which has been of great advantage to the majority of the population; and what makes this high-handed order more provoking is that it has been made "at the instigation of one solitary person, who, in conducting his business of shovel-making, creates a continuous noise and rattle with his steam hammers." As a third instance of "central" incompetence, the writer to *The Times* mentions that the Chesterfield Union recently agreed by a unanimous vote to reduce the remuneration of one of their officers, and that the officer signified his willingness to accept the lower scale of pay. The matter was believed to be at an end, when an intimation suddenly came from London directing the guardians "to pay the officer the full amount of his

former salary." If these were solitary cases they would not deserve much attention; but there is hardly a district in England which could not supply instances of equally stupid interference. Yet the distinct tendency of public life in England at present is to give more and more power to departments in London. A notion has sprung up that nothing can be well done which is not regulated from Whitehall; so that Government in England is rapidly becoming in many respects more highly centralised than in France. Mr. Gladstone would be acting in harmony with the best traditions of his party if he made a serious attempt to check this growing danger.

POST OFFICE NOTES.—These will be practically small bank-notes for 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 20s. respectively, inasmuch as they will be payable at every post-office. We hope that Parliament will shortly authorise their introduction, indeed the Bill for that purpose was already before the House of Commons when the Dissolution took place. For years past we have at intervals advocated some transmissible instruments of this sort. We are not sure, however, that the authorities would even now have granted our prayers if Post Office Orders had been pecuniarily profitable. But they have not been profitable, the department has lost money on all the orders under 3d. commission, and so, as a vicious system has for many years prevailed of regarding the Post Office as a goose which will lay golden eggs to supplement the deficiencies of the Treasury, the officials set their wits to work to see whether, under a different arrangement, the postal order system might not be made to pay, so that additional grist might be brought to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's mill. The new notes will, we expect, be welcomed by the public. They will be far more convenient both to get and to receive than Post Office Orders, and the odd amounts (where such a sum as 1s. 6d. has to be transmitted), can be made up by postage stamps. But, if the plan proves a genuine success, shilling and sixpenny notes, chargeable with a half-penny commission, will probably be issued. Although the new notes will not be a legal tender, they will very likely to some extent be passed from hand to hand. This is not a consummation devoutly to be wished, as those know who have been wont to handle the frowsy malodorous money of paper-currency countries. For comfort and cleanliness, although it is a luxury which costs a good deal, there is nothing like a gold, silver, and bronze currency, with no "flimsies" under five pounds in value.

LEGAL TIME AND GREENWICH TIME.—The law, having come into existence before railways were invented, knows nothing about Greenwich time except on the parallel of Greenwich. Everywhere else the legal time is the actual time at any given place, which time of course depends on its longitude. This discrepancy troubled the authorities at many places in the far West of the island during the recent elections, as they were puzzled to know when to open or close the polling booths. In a comparatively small country like Great Britain it would be difficult to carry on the railway service with any reasonable punctuality unless a uniform method of computing time were observed, and, as every one uses railways, the good folks of the West have for long set their watches by railway time, although by so doing they fly in the face of the almanac, for in this way they make the sun rise and set some fifteen or twenty minutes later than the almanac appoints. In the East, of course, the reverse occurs, but as Greenwich Observatory lies towards the eastern side of the island, there is no part of East Anglia where the true time is more than five minutes in advance of the railway time. We do not recommend any change in the law, we think the legal time should, as it now is, be the real time, but we advise that every town and big village should have a good public clock of its own, and that this clock should be provided (as is already the case in some places) with two minute hands, one showing the railway or Greenwich time, the other showing the legal or actual time according to the longitude of the locality.

NOTICE.—This week is published, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a Portrait of H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (excepting Saturday, May 29, and the Saturdays in June), at 7.45, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, terminating with the Trial Scene; Mr. Irving, Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Concluding with an Idyll by W. G. WILK, entitled IOLANTHE. Iolanthe, Miss Ellen Terry; Count Trivani, Mr. Irving. Every Saturday Evening, commencing with Saturday, May 29, Iolanthe, Miss Ellen Terry; Count Trivani, Mr. Irving. And IOLANTHE. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

LYCEUM.—MORNING PERFORMANCES, May 29, and every Saturday during June, at two o'clock, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mr. Irving, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 7, a New Drama, THE REIGN OF BLOOD. Misses M. A. Bellair, L. Rayner, M. Brewer, Newham; Messrs. J. B. Howe, J. Reynolds, H. Evans, Charlton, Drayton, Reeve, Hyde, Pitt, Herne. After which, MAJOR MARIE ANNE, Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. E. Newbound, Bigwood, Lewis, Towers; Misses B. Adams, J. Summers. Concluding with CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN. Misses Emma Kerridge, Lizzie Wyatt, Harriett Vernon, Laura, Eduardo, Phoebe Goward, Mr. Fred Yarnold. Wednesday, Benefit of a Philanthropic Society. UNDER THE GASLIGHT, GRAND MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT, JONATHAN BRADFORD.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7, THE MISSING WITNESS, by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Paul Merritt. Messrs. J. H. Clydes, G. Sennett, H. Monkhouse, Parker, Syms, Mitchell, Grant, Vincent, Inch; Misses Marie Allen, A. Thomas, Jane Cowen, Syms, Bennett, M. A. Victor, and Nellie Clark. To conclude with BARNABY KUDGE. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. Dancing on the Circular Platform at 8.

MR. GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The THIRD CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, May 29, at 3 o'clock. Programme: Part I., Fantasia for Orchestra, "Romeo and Juliet" (first time); J. S. Svendsen: Concertstück for Pianoforte, Weber; "Air, If with all your Hearts" (Elijah); Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 in C major ("The Jupiter"); Mozart. Part II., Rhapsodie, "Abends" (Raff); Arias, "Schneide," Beethoven; Introduction and Allegro for Pianoforte (first time, composed expressly for these concerts); B. Godard; Orchestral Piece, Kermesse (first time); B. Godard, Pianiste, Madame Montigny-Ramay; Vocalist, Mr. Sirus Reaves; Conductor, Mr. Ganz. Stalls, 10s.; Balcony Stalls, 7s.; Areal Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Orchestra, 1s.; Admission, 1s.; may be obtained at Messrs. Chappell and Co., Austin's Ticket Office, and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 126, Harley Street.

CANTERBURY.—Great success of the Grand Ballet, NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Invented and Arranged by M. Dewinne. Music by M. Edouard Frewin. Premiere Danseuses: Mdlles. Ada and Alice Holt, supported by Mdlles. Broughton, Powell, Aguzzi; M. Dewinne, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

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NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—THE DANITES, Joaquin Miller's famous American play, descriptive of life in the Far West, as depicted by Bret Harte. In order that the peculiar dialect and manner should be accurately given, the characters will be represented by the same company of American artists who have—under the management of Mr. McKee Rankin—performed them in all the chief cities of the United States for the past three years. Sandy McCloud (a Miner), Mr. Rankin; Misses W. E. Sheridan, G. Waldron, M. Lingham, E. Holland, L. Harris, J. Peakes, H. Lee, J. Richardson, and Harry Hawk; Mrs. McKee Rankin, Misses Cora Tanner, J. Waldron, and E. Marble. New scenery, depicting the mountain passes, rude log-huts, and grand trees of California, painted by Thomas W. Hall and Assistants.

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THE LOSS OF THE "AMERICAN"

The ill-fated vessel *American* belonged to the Union Company's line of Cape mail steamers, and was on her homeward voyage at the time of the accident. She was a screw steamer, and though the exact nature of the accident can now never be known, there is little room for doubt that her broken shaft forced itself through her bottom, making such a wide gap in the hull that all efforts to save the ship were useless, especially as the sharks, so abundant in tropical waters, prevented the divers from going down outside to inspect. The coolness displayed by Captain M'Lean Wait, his officers and crew, and indeed every one on board, was really wonderful.

The shaft broke at 5 A.M., on April 23rd, and the rush of water was so great that the pumps were of little use. At 8 o'clock the passengers, at the commander's request, sat down to breakfast in the saloon. The water still gained, although coals and cargo were thrown overboard, and at 11.30 the word was given to take to the boats. This was done without the least flurry or haste, the captain himself being, of course, the last to leave the vessel, which went down soon afterwards stern foremost, the eight boats laying by to see the last of her. The little fleet then made all sail, steering for Cape Palmas, 210 miles distant.

Mr. Campbell Hepworth, the chief officer of the *American*, from whose sketches and description our engravings have been made, states that the boats were well provisioned with food, lemons, and limejuice, but the quantity of water was limited. Although everybody suffered from thirst the first day after leaving the ship, from excitement, abstention from food, and the novelty of a limited allowance, there was not likely to be inconvenience permanently, as heavy rain fell constantly, which was caught in the passengers' umbrellas. All were in good spirits, and the behaviour of the ladies and children was admirable. Even while the boats were making way under close-reefed sail during the squall which occurred, not a murmur escaped them. After the first day the boats got separated and, as we stated last week, three of them were picked up on the 25th ult. by the steamship *Congo* (Captain Liverdsedge), and landed at Madeira. On Saturday a telegram from that island brought the news that three other boats had been picked up on the 24th and 25th ult. by an American barque, the *Emma Herriman*, and transferred to the *Coanza* steamship, which, being outward bound, landed them at Grand Bassa, a port on the coast to the north of Cape Palmas. Here they waited two or three days, when the African Company's homeward-bound mail steamer *Senegal* took them off and brought them as far as Grand Canary, where a second shipwreck occurred, the *Senegal* striking on a sunken rock, and sustaining such damage that she had to be run aground. The cry was again "take to the boats," and one of them was capsized, one of the *American*'s passengers, the Hon. John Patterson, a Member of the Cape Legislative Assembly, losing his life. The remainder got safely to shore, and were subsequently taken to Madeira in the Union Company's steamship *Teuton*, which had been in search of them. The gunboat *Firebrand* left Sierra Leone on the 4th inst. in search of the two boats which were still missing. Assistance has also been sent out to the *Senegal*, and it is hoped that both ship and cargo will be saved.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN CEYLON;
MEMBERS OF THE POACHING FRATERNITY;

AND

STUDIES AT CYPRUS

See page 516.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN RUSSIA—BLESSING THE CATTLE

In the northern parts of Russia, not far from St. Petersburg, it is the custom in the villages to send out the cattle, both cows and sheep, into the fields every spring on the 23rd of April, St. George's Day—St. George being the patron saint of the Muscovites. This is done with no little ceremony, the priest of the town taking a prominent part. Bread, water, and eggs are put on a table, covered with a white tablecloth, and placed before the stables where the beasts are confined, and round the table stand the peasants, holding the portraits of different saints, brought from the village church for this occasion. One man is holding with a white cloth the chief Ikon, four pictures painted on one board, in the corner of which may be seen St. George, riding on a white horse, killing the dragon. The women are holding smaller Ikon with cloths, decorated with crosses. After having preached a long sermon, the priest drops the cross three times into the water (which is consecrated), and then, as the cows are let out, he stands at the door sprinkling them with a brush containing holy water. The cows in Russia are kept indoors from November up to St. George's day.

THE KHEDIVE'S TOUR IN LOWER EGYPT—MANSOURAH

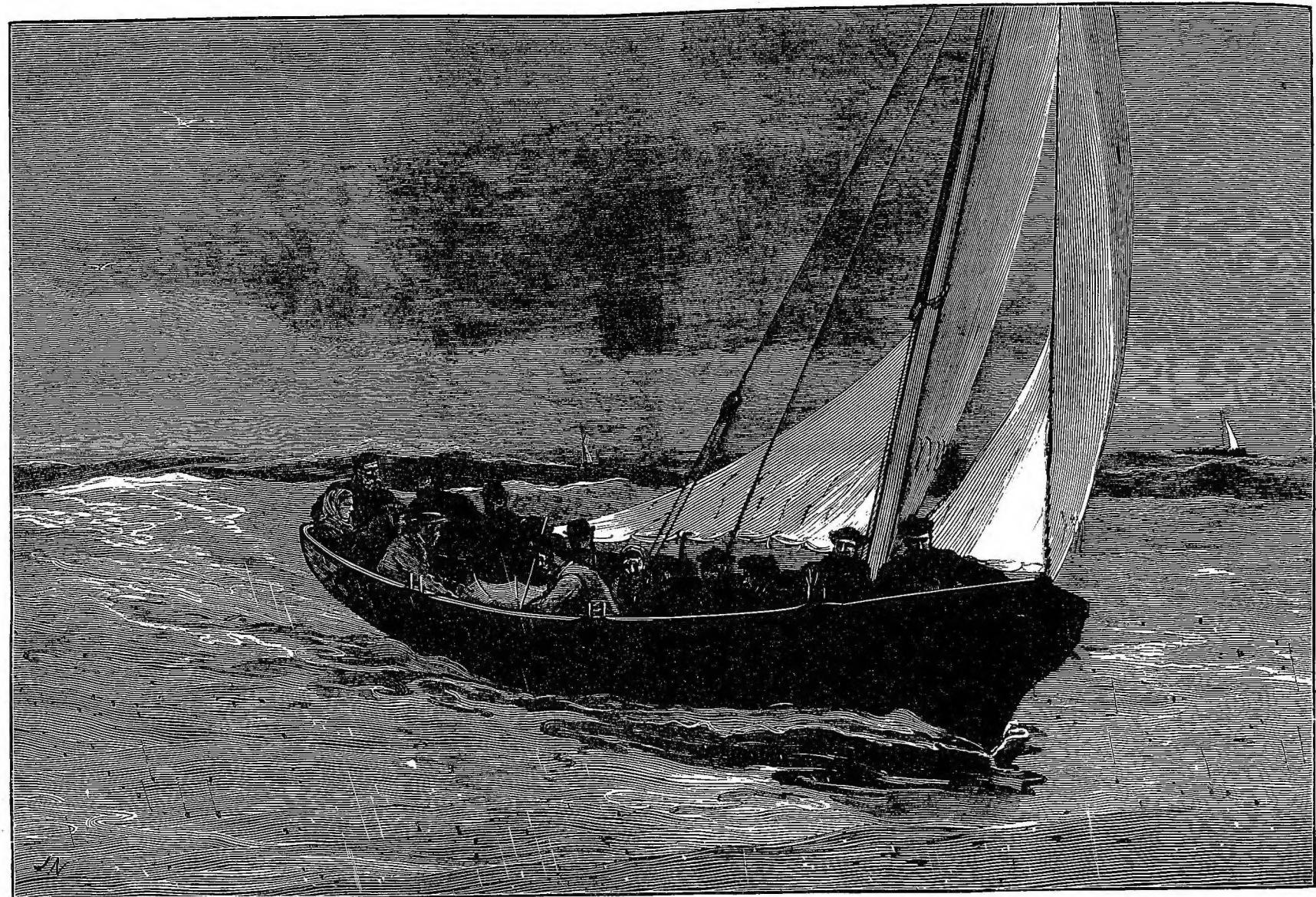
THE Khedive of Egypt has recently been making a tour through Upper and Lower Egypt, and amongst other towns on his route visited Mansourah on the 14th ult. Mansourah, situated on an eminence, is the branch of the Nile, is picturesquely built on an eminence, and is the type of a better class Egyptian town—being, like many other Egyptian towns, partly in ruins. Its trade chiefly lies in rice and sal-ammoniac; while the inhabitants are famed for their skill in hatching chickens in ovens—the precursors of the modern incubators which are now being so widely used in England. There is little to chronicle respecting the visit of the Khedive, who was received with all the ordinary show of official and popular welcome, beyond that the Greek inhabitants serenaded him on the water, and that a flotilla of forty illuminated dahabees produced a very fine effect. He held the inevitable receptions, of course, and respecting these an amusing incident occurred. Some days previously the Mudir held a meeting of the Consular Agents to settle the grave question of precedence. The sitting was a stormy one. The *Egyptian Gazette* tells us Brazil considered that he ought to come first, being the oldest Vice-Consul. Germany, however, did not see the fun of this, and urged in support of his claim to the post of honour the fact that he was the oldest Consular authority at Mansourah. His colleagues, however, would not listen to this, and after two hours' severe squabbling the Mudir dissolved the meeting without any decision having been agreed upon. It is satisfactory to learn that the British representative did not mix himself up in an affair which turned out so complete a farce.

A WOMEN'S DEMONSTRATION

THE "National Demonstration" in favour of Women's Suffrage, which was held at St. James's Hall on the 6th inst., was only the climax to those held during the previous week in various suburban places, and a repetition of another still greater demonstration of working women held a short time ago at Manchester, and it will, we doubt not, prove only the forerunner of many similar assemblies, increasing in size and frequency until the object aimed at is achieved, for the persistent determination of the fair sex is proverbial.

When a woman says she will, she will, you may depend on it. And when she says she won't, she won't, and there's an end on it.

The meeting was an



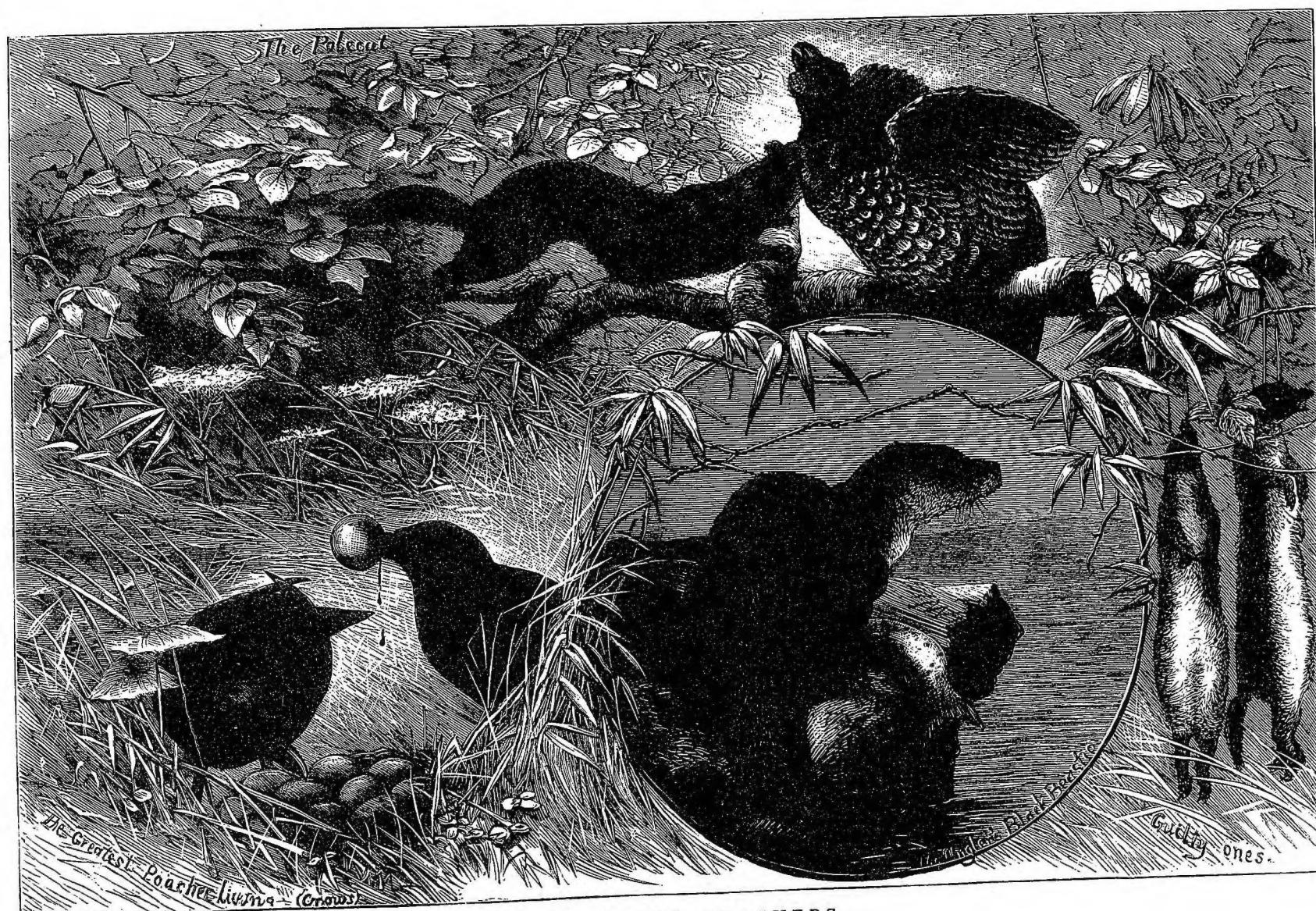
THE LOSS OF THE "AMERICAN"—MAKING FOR CAPE PALMAS



ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN CEYLON—A HUGE QUARRY



RUSSIA—BLESSING COWS ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY



A GROUP OF POACHERS

numbers—the Hall was crowded, and an overflow meeting was held in a smaller room under the same roof—but in all other respects also. The Presidentess, Viscountess Harberton, was “supported” by a number of lady delegates from important towns in all parts of the country, who filled the platform, whilst the Hall itself was crowded from floor to ceiling with women of all social grades, all earnest and enthusiastic. The meeting had been organised exclusively by women, and the proceedings, in which women alone were permitted to take part, were conducted with the most exemplary regard for the time-honoured usages of ordinary political gatherings. First came the reading of letters of apology from ladies who could not attend; then an address from the Presidentess, setting forth in clear and succinct language the object of the gathering, and then speaker after speaker arose and dilated in eloquent language upon the political disabilities of women; and their determination that sooner or later those disabilities should be removed. The principal resolution, declaring that “the franchise attached by law to the occupation or ownership of property liable to imperial and local taxation should be exercised by women in the election of members of Parliament,” was carried all but unanimously, the solitary dissentient being a courageous man in the gallery, who by the way must have paid half-a-crown for the opportunity of raising his protesting voice, and whose expression of opinion evoked loud cries of “Turn him out,” though whether the suggestion was acted upon we are unable to say. Amongst the speakers, who all addressed both meetings, were Mrs. A. Arnold, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Webster, Miss R. Garrett, Miss Helen Taylor, Miss Becker, Miss Todd, Miss Downing, and Miss Craigen; and as each of these rose, her name was announced to the huge assembly by means of an immense placard, as shown in our engraving.

“LORD BRACKENBURY”

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 517.

A YACHTING CRUISE IN A TEN-TONNER, AND A VISIT TO THE SHETLAND ISLANDS

See page 523.

II.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE

THE Princess Beatrice, the youngest of Her Majesty's children, was born April 14th, 1857, at Buckingham Palace. The Queen's recovery was unusually rapid. Five days later Prince Albert wrote to his stepmother:—“Hearty thanks for your good wishes on the birth of your latest grandchild, who is thriving famously, and is prettier than babies usually are. . . . The little one is to receive the historical, romantic, euphonious, melodious names of Beatrice, Mary, Victoria, Feodora.” In a letter to King Leopold, the Queen explains how these names came to be given:—Beatrice, a fine old name, borne by three of the Plantagenet Princesses; Mary, after her aunt Mary; Victoria, after the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Royal; and Feodora, after Her Majesty's sister. The infant Princess was christened at Buckingham Palace on the 16th June following, in the presence of the Archduke Maximilian, who was then about to be married to the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, and whose career opened with a brightness sadly belied by its tragical conclusion.

As the last of the Queen's other daughters was married more than nine years ago, the Princess Beatrice has been from childhood her mother's chief girl-companion, and many of us know how in such cases the hearts of mother and daughter are intertwined together, and with what a wrench even the gentle separation caused by marriage is felt. Yet it would be unkind of us even to seem to grudge the Princess Beatrice the privilege which her sisters have enjoyed, and it is to be hoped that in due time she will meet with a husband worthy of her hand. We may add that the Princess bears the title of Duchess of Saxony, and that in 1874 she received the Russian Order of St. Catherine.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Arthur J. Melhuish, F.R.A.S., of 12, York Place, W., and has been forwarded to us by Messrs. Marion and Co., 22, Soho Square, W.

THE RAILWAY UP VESUVIUS

THE ascent of Mount Vesuvius up to within a mile or so of the cone itself is not particularly laborious, and indeed hitherto has been usually accomplished by carriage as far as the inn below Professor Palmieri's Observatory, as there is a capital road all the way from Naples. Close by the Observatory, however, the road was wont to end, and thence would-be ascenders walked over a footpath cut in the streams of hardened lava to the foot of the cone, where they would begin their three hours' zigzag climb of a slope that barely takes seven minutes to descend—pestered half the way with porters anxious to carry them up on a litter—shin deep in loose ashes and crumbling scoriae. Now, however, the ascent can be made with all the “modern improvements” which the ingenuity of engineers can suggest. The carriage road has been extended to the foot of the cone, and there is situated the lower station, from which the train starts for the summit, a distance, as the crow flies, of a little over a thousand yards. The upper station is built about 260 yards from the mouth of the crater, the whole return journey from Naples now costing a napoleon. The line is worked on what is termed the “funicular” system, the carriages not being propelled by a locomotive, but being drawn up and lowered by means of two endless steel ropes and a windlass, which, set in motion by a steam-engine, is placed in the lower station. The line has been constructed with great care upon a solid pavement, is planked throughout, and is believed to be secure from all incursions of lava. The wheels of the carriages are so made as to be free from any danger of leaving the rails, besides which each carriage is furnished with powerful automatic brakes, and these, in the event of any rupture of the rope, would stop the train almost instantaneously. No little difficulty was found in obtaining a water supply, but this was obviated by the formation of two large reservoirs, which may be seen on the left of the station in our sketch. The gradients throughout the line are exceedingly steep, varying from 10 in 135 to 63 in 100, the mean being 56 in 100. The ascent only occupies seven minutes, but it is to be doubted whether those who will henceforward climb Vesuvius in this manner will enjoy the hearty lunch of eggs roasted by the guides in the hot sulphurous cinders, and the deliciously refreshing bottle of Lachryma Christi brought up from the inn below, as much as after the good two or three hours' battle with the slope and the cinders which they would have to have fought before the advent of the iron way.

THE INDIAN SECTION OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, AND NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 522.

NOTE.—Our artist's description of the sketch entitled “A Famine-Stricken Peasant” came too late for insertion last week. It is as follows:—“It was a most pathetic scene, quite an idyl, if fully described; it was the ‘Emigration of the Last Son,’ the only able-bodied man on the Island of Inishfanard, Kenmare River,—accompanied part of the way by wife, mother, and sister,—his father, who was wailing and clapping hands in ecstasy of grief, fainted on the boat shoving off, preceded by convulsions. His Royal Highness and the doctor climbed back over the rocks, and brought him round, but only to a dazed consciousness, the boat stopped, commenced slowly to return, then continued on its way

towards the blue Kenmare mountains. The Duke and party went off to further work, and the old man, led by a young girl, and followed by his old dog, staggered off home to his desolate hearth. Personally I can see no alleviation to the woes in the crowded West save active recruiting and free-passage emigration for whole families only.”



PARLIAMENT WAS OPENED on Thursday for the dispatch of business; the customary full-dress dinners having been given on the previous evening by the leaders of the Government and the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament. The Address in the House of Lords in answer to the Queen's Speech was moved by the Earl of Elgin and seconded by Lord Sandhurst. In the Commons the Address was moved by Mr. Albert Grey, Member for South Northumberland, and seconded by Mr. Hugh Mason, Member for Ashton-under-Lyne.

THE IRISH POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.—The Peace Preservation Act, or as it is called in Ireland, the Coercion Act, expires on the 1st prox., and the Government do not intend to ask Parliament to renew it, being persuaded that “the loyalty and good sense of the Irish people will make the provisions of the ordinary law sufficient for the maintenance of peace and order.”

MEETING OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.—About four hundred of the more prominent members of the Conservative party assembled at Bridgewater House, the Earl of Ellesmere's town residence, on Wednesday, in response to Lord Beaconsfield's invitation. The meeting was “strictly private”; but, nevertheless, ample reports of the proceedings appeared in the newspapers next morning, from which we learn that the Earl of Beaconsfield, in an address which lasted about an hour, spoke confidently of the future of the Conservative cause, declared that the rumour of his intended retirement from the leadership was entirely unfounded, prophesied the early discomfiture of the present Ministry, and recommended closer attention to organisation. The other speakers were the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Earl of Carnarvon. In another account of the meeting it is stated that, “without formal resolution, it was tacitly agreed that the foreign policy of the Government should be closely watched, and questions on the subject should be constantly put in the House.”

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.—On Monday a meeting of Irish Members was held at Dublin, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Forty-four of the Irish Members of Parliament attended, and after a rather sharp discussion between the supporters of Mr. Shaw and those of Mr. Parnell, the latter was elected “Sessional Chairman” by twenty-four votes to sixteen, and thus becomes the virtual leader of the Irish party in Parliament. Next day at the adjourned meeting there was a larger attendance, and the tone of the meeting was more amicable, the only personal incident being the refusal to admit Mr. Stuart, unless he took the formal pledge of the Home Rule party to keep clear of other party combination. Mr. Parnell's resolutions on the Land Question were adopted, and some discussion took place regarding the place in the House of Commons in which the members should sit, but no decision was arrived at.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—On Friday last week at a meeting of the Metropolitan Municipal Association a series of resolutions on London government were agreed to, and copies of them forwarded at once to Sir W. V. Harcourt in the hope that the subject might be dealt with in the Queen's Speech.

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. John M'Laren, the new Lord Advocate for Scotland, has lost his seat for Wigton, being defeated by Mr. Mark Stewart (C), who polled 656 votes against 633. There has been another Conservative victory at Sandwich, where the seat left vacant by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's elevation to the peerage has been secured by Mr. Henry Crompton-Roberts, who polled 1,145, whilst Sir Julian Goldsmid, the Liberal candidate, only got 705.—It is now thought that Sir J. Lubbock will be returned for the London University without opposition.—Mr. Plimsoll has agreed with the Liberals of Derby to resign his seat in favour of Sir W. V. Harcourt, whose election will, however, be opposed by Sir Robert Peel.

THE MARQUIS OF EXETER disapproves of voting by ballot, as a dangerous system utterly repugnant to English character and our national love of open dealing. “While secret enough to be treacherous, it cannot be regarded as safe from bribery, which it greatly facilitates hiding the receiver, and breaking the clue to the giver. It shields the man who may go to the poll with a lie in his heart, while it reduces to his level the man who, being honest and true to his candidate, would like that candidate to know of his promised support having been faithfully given.”

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.—The Select Committee of the House of Commons being equally divided in opinion on Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to affirm instead of take the oath, Mr. Walpole, the chairman, gave his casting vote against him. The ultimate decision of the matter, however, rests with the House itself. The Working Men's Protestant League have petitioned the House to confirm the decision of the Committee, and exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from membership, and the Rev. Brewin Grant, one of Mr. Bradlaugh's old platform opponents, has sent in a similar petition. It is, however, doubtful whether he can be shut out, if at the last moment he agrees to go through the ceremony which hitherto he has objected to.

THE BANK HOLIDAY.—The splendid weather of Whit-Monday was appreciated to the full by thousands of excursionists, who turned their backs upon workshop and factory, and sought recreation and enjoyment in the “country.” Rail, river, and road were alike crowded with holiday-makers; and the Parks, heaths, and commons in the suburbs were thronged with working men and women, all intent on making the most of the fine weather. In one or two instances, notably in Hyde Park, some attempt was made by a few misguided enthusiasts to induce the holiday-makers to take part in political “demonstrations,” but the glamour of banners and brass bands seemed to have had very little effect on the general public, who quietly chaffed the processionists as they passed by, and then apparently forgot all about them. It is satisfactory to note that the charges at the various police stations were remarkably light both in number and character.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.—Much dissatisfaction has been expressed at the conduct of Dr. Bradley, the Master of University College, Oxford, in “rusticating” a large number of the undergraduates because they declined to criminate some of their fellow students by declaring their own guiltlessness of participation in the grave offence of “screwing-up” the Senior Tutor of the College, who happens to be also the Senior Proctor of the University. On Thursday, however, it was announced that one of the students who were really engaged in the freak had written to Dr. Bradley taking upon himself the responsibility of the offence, and that notices were at once posted to all the undergraduates who had been “sent down,” inviting them to return as soon as possible.

MR. GOSCHEN left London for Constantinople on Tuesday. He would call at Paris and Vienna to confer with the French and Austrian Ministers, and afterwards embark at Trieste for Constantinople, where he will probably arrive on the 27th instant.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—On Tuesday the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, which met at King's Lynn, reported an aggregate membership of 533,520, with a capital of 4,500,000/., and a yearly income of 731,513/—The Ancient Order of Druids, which met at Bishop Auckland, attributed the non-existence of similar general statistics to the neglect of some of the districts to furnish returns, and it was resolved to fine every defaulting lodge one guinea, and to suspend it until the fine is paid.—At Swansea the Ancient Order of Shepherds opened their annual conference on Monday, when it was announced that James Lees, the last survivor of the twelve men who founded the Order, had died on Saturday.—A Congress of Co-operative Societies has this week been sitting at Newcastle, having been opened on Monday under the presidency of the Bishop of Durham.

A FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION took place at Walsall on Saturday at the Birchill Hall Iron Works, where some 200 men were employed. The boiler was split into two pieces, one of which weighing over twenty tons was hurled to a great distance. Twelve men were killed instantly, and of the fifty or sixty others who were wounded, fifteen have since died. Nearly 200 persons have been left destitute, and a relief fund has been started by the Mayor.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE occurred on Wednesday, at Walworth, on premises abutting on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, some of the arches of which were burnt through, thus necessitating the temporary stoppage of the traffic, because the injury to the viaduct could not be ascertained, and it was impossible for the trains to run through flames and heated smoke.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is a feeling of melancholy in reading the posthumous work of a young author which shows so much promise as is contained in “Fragments of Verse,” by Henrietta A. Duff (Marcus Ward and Co.). Although stated to have been printed for private circulation, these tender and graceful *moreaux* deserve a wide recognition from lovers of genuine poetry. Miss Duff evidently possessed not only a devout and sympathetic fancy, but an unusual share of metrical talent, as appears by the flowing cadences of much of her verse; whilst at times, as, for instance, in “The Queen of the Season,” one feels that she might have become noted as a writer of the more thoughtful kind of *vers de societe*. But her muse could take higher flights; in the semi-dramatic piece, “The Birth of Cain,” Eve's utterances breathe the true spirit of tragedy, whilst “Cousin Giulio”—which we are disposed to think the best in the book—deserves to stand side by side with “The May Queen.” Here is a verse as a specimen, from the confession of poor Rose's repentant lover:—

For what is Death? This, all we know, by it new Life is born.
As bruised grapes give out new wine, as midnight maketh morn;
So all things change, but naught is lost, God looseth silver cords,
Earth's leading-strings, to bind them firmer, faster Heaven-towards.

These are only a few of the gems in this charming little volume; there are many more, e.g., “Old Houses,” “The Maid-Queen,” and the playful birthday verses which deserve notice. We feel that the world has lost a singer of rare merit in the author.

A book which is not very easy to judge is “The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems,” by James Thomson (Reeves and Turner).—The author has considerable rhythmical facility, and a fund of imagination which at times is almost beyond his control; but we cannot help regarding parts of it as monuments of misapplied talent. The chief piece has a lurid power which is not without its fascination, but it is painful to a degree; so far as we grasp the meaning, it is an allegory of Despair in possession of the human soul. “In the Room” is beyond us; it is such a feverish fantasy as Baudelaire might have loved. But when Mr. Thomson elects to write naturally, and dwell on the glory and virtue of Nature, we are at one with him. Many parts of “Sunday at Hampstead” are excellent; so is “Sunday up the River,” reprinted from *Fraser*; and best of all is the allegorical fable of “The Naked Goddess.” Perhaps the choicest morsel is “E. B. B.,” a graceful little dirge for our greatest woman-poet, Mrs. Browning.

In his preface to “The Ode of Life” (C. Kegan Paul) the well-esteemed author of “The Epic of Hades” avers that “nothing more mature can be expected from him,” which would be rather a sorrowful confession if true, because it is always bad when an artist owns that progress has ceased. We take leave to disagree with him. In no sense is this poem—good of its kind—unequal to what has gone before, and we hope to enjoy much more grand music from the same singer. The work, as might be guessed, is didactic in tone, and represents the several vicissitudes of life; the best section, by far, is “Boyhood.” But we prefer the author in his blank verse or lyric measures; here he seems to have been overweighted.

A more charming poetic drama could hardly be conceived than “Disguises,” by Augusta Webster (C. Kegan Paul). The plot would take too long to describe, but it may be hinted that it turns upon a question of cross-purposes in love—Claude, Queen of Aquitaine, and the De Peyriacs being the chief actors. It is needless to say that the play contains much true poetry—favourable specimen is Gualhardine's speech respecting courtship; and with very little arrangement it would be suitable to the stage. By the bye, it is not quite apparent why Raymond refused the Queen's hand.

“Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead,” by Julian Horne (Newman and Co.), is, by its nature, almost removed from the pale of criticism. It is a lament for the late Prince Imperial, fashioned on “In Memoriam,” and is fairly good. But we should like to know how the author scans “Requiescat in Pace” so as to accord with his metre; and we do not like such a line as “I hob and nob (sic) with dusky Grief!”

“The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk,” by George Houghton (Boston: Estes and Lauriat) is a version, in excellent blank verse, of that pathetic old tale of Axel and Valborg, which gave Ehrenschaefer ground for his most glorious tragedy, the Romeo and Juliet of Scandinavia. There are fine, if not very original, passages in the poem, but occasionally the author's sense of fitness seems to have deserted him. One cannot imagine a sea-king in a coach and six (page 25), “whiskered” should, for all reasons, be read “bearded” (page 50), and “ye” is not a singular form of the pronoun (page 62). We fancy Mr. Houghton has in him the stuff of which poets are made.

A PAINTER'S LETTER FROM ALGIERS

EVEN before you land at Algiers you decide that the place literally swarms with models. The sun is preparing for the day's work, and is polishing up with his masterly touch that panorama of mountain ranges, that slope of white on white that might be a chalkpit, but which is the Arab town, with its crowning fastnesses, but yesterday the stronghold of pirates. But you can't stand in a reverie just now. A wild rush, and we are boarded. A stream of Poynter's models is upon you. They seem determined to wreak vengeance on you and your luggage for all their past sufferings. You may be no weight worth speaking of after a long sea passage, but they seize you with an alarming show of muscular development.

You are at once struck by the crowd of old friends surrounding you. Here Abraham, there Isaac—all the figures of the Old Testament greet you. What models! what a country for high art!

MAY 22, 1880

Look at that figure of Moses ! He is the identical man who sat for Michael Angelo. Now he has moved ; how much finer that position would have been ! There you recognise the broad masses, the sweeping folds of the Raphael Cartoons, and you all but look out for the pinholes of the weaving looms on the outlines. At yonder *café* are grouped three of the Apostles ; as they sit, or rather as they are cast, on their benches, they look as if they were never meant to move ; they are in earnest conclave, and seem weighed down by care and responsibilities. What a country for models were it not for the unkind trick that Mahomet played on all generations of artists, when he forbade the Faithful to allow their forms and features to be reproduced in any shape !

After the Bible came Shakespeare. There was the exact Shylock I recollect seeing at Covent Garden, and there were several King Lear, —none, however, with the scrap of a daughter. I met one man, who reminded me of Mr. Irving's impressive features. I was rather shocked when they told me he was an eater of fire and lizards, and said that he was rather crazy. Another man explained that he was a Marabout, and that does not only mean a sort of high priest, but a man who is great, and good, and wise, and can read and write, and has more friends and devotees than he well knows what to do with.

There is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans by Marochetti on the Place du Gouvernement. He looks great fun, with his cocked hat, his horse prancing about over the heads of those stately classical figures. There are always some of them sitting or lying on the steps of the marble pedestal ; sometimes a weary traveller, with threadbare garments which look as sunburnt as he does himself, and worn sandals, held by nondescript shreds and cords, crossing and recrossing the feet in the most varied lines of beauty. Perhaps the poor fellow has just arrived from the depths of the Desert to seek work.

As for the women, I don't think much of them ; others have compared them to bundles of linen. I went a step further when, somewhat shyly opening a door, I mistook some bundles of linen in a Rembrandtish corner for three females. The best part about them is the fine row of neatly-trained eyelashes spread out upon the hand-kerchief that covers the greater part of their face, or when raised doing something very pretty in the shape of a cast shadow. The Jewish women are no more attractive. They have their jaws tied up in a way that at once suggests toothache. As for the Kabyle women, give me the splendidly barbarous ornaments, and take away all the hard, square-faced creatures, with their hideous war-paint, that you see squatting at their doors. Ah ! but what a beautiful creature little Sineb is ; she is a Kabyle, in poverty clad, with grand serious eyes and firmly-cut little features, refractory and self-willed as any other animal that never was broken in ; about nine years old, I should think, —no Arab ever knows his or her age. When I first saw her standing by her door, nursing a baby, the two looked like a capital Y, cut off in tone on the ever whitewashed wall, and I swore I would get her to the studio, but when the sketchbook came out she precipitately fled. Next day I pitched my easel at her door, and set to work to get some of those tumble-down old arches on the road to the *Casbah*, sufficiently out of perspective to look true. But I was waylaying Sineb all the while. She kept bounding in and out, and scowling at me. When I looked at her there was at once a cry of "Leyla, leyla," and "Makash, makash," the latter being by far the most expressive. Both words mean "No," but "Makash" seems to combine every kind of "Not if I know it," or "Not for Joseph," a sort of definite summing-up of negatives. Sineb seemed to be saying, "Put that five-franc piece back into your pocket, old boy ; I don't care for the two of you, or for any number of you."

Some days afterwards I found myself in the hands of an Arab *laquais de place*, with a brown bournous, named Moulei. He takes you about mostly in the direction you do not want to go, he tries to make you buy something you don't want, and does not succeed in getting what you do want, at the end of the day he will squeeze a franc more out of you than was bargained for, and by this time he is so firmly attached to you, that he is prepared to remain with you till the end of your stay. At last he has worked himself into such a passionate appreciation of you and your belongings — you all the while trying to shake him off — that he winds up pathetically : "Toi, mon père ! mon frère ! Madame, ma mère ! moi partir avec toi en Angleterre, marcher avec toi, toujours marcher avec toi !" All the other men in Algiers will go through the same farce ; and will let you ply them with coffee, cigarettes, and slight advances, merely to satisfy their fond longing for the eternal *marcher avec toi*.

Moulei would have sat as a model, but he was a most unsuggestive fellow, and as stiff as a poker. He said, however, that he could get me any models. I set him on Sineb, and held out a brilliant future for him, if he succeeded in getting Sineb. Diplomatic relations were opened with the father, and, after a fortnight, ended in ignoble failure. I blessed the day when I shook off Moulei with his parting words : "Toi, mon père," to which I warmly replied : "Never again with you, Robin."

It took just two months to get Sineb, and when I had her, three days out of four were lost. Sometimes she was not to be found, then she had changed her abode, she came, ran away, was recaptured, and so on. And that is the history of every model worth having.

What a relief, after a sitting, to mix again with the motley crowd, to go up into the Arab town, and explore every nook and corner ! How kindly they welcome you into the *Cafés*, and what pleasant hours you can spend with the hospitable Arab, if you want nothing of him ! I have many a time sketched bits of those *Cafés*, promising not to *marquer figure*, and have remained amongst my passive friends all but unnoticed.

In these crooked narrow streets, full of unexpected twists and turns, the most surprising incident constantly crops up. In the mass of those whitewashed houses no two are quite alike, although all are similar. Some have massive doors, but so low that the stately Arab standing by overlaps it by a head or two. Here I am put in mind of the tenor at the Italian opera when he wanders towards the back of the stage between the stanzas of his love ditty till he gets dangerously near the flats representing houses in the distance, which he at once most ridiculously dwarfs.

But excuse the digression, I meant to speak of the curious freaks and caprices of composition you constantly come across. Perhaps I am admiring a fine type in a *Café*, to find that the reed flute of his neighbour is cutting diagonally through his face, that on an inch or two of background space, between a bit of turban on the one hand, and a slight allowance of nose and beard on the other, a whole group of figures is seen ever so far off, smoking or gambling in some totally different light to that of the foreground. There is always a picture in a picture, and yet harmony. But what strikes me still more is the Tadema-like rendering of poses and drapery. "Hist, Tadema !" we say to each other, as we are suddenly pulled up by some grand pose, worthy of any emperor, when we see them lying about in the free-and-easy style — even to the boon companions who come rolling down from the upper town.

Before I end I must first tell you about the lion. Occasionally the soul of a Marabout finds its way into the body of a lion, who, at once aware of his mission, severs any family or other ties that may have held him hitherto. He makes straight for his own sepulchre, and there fondly watches over his own remains until he is recognised, welcomed, and kindly captured. Soon he commences his triumphal progress through town and country. He is now working wonders at Algiers. He is led or propelled by three men up and down the narrow, tortuous streets, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children, anxious to touch the body of the saint, and thus to reap untold benefits. He is led into houses, which he at once pervades

with the germs of future blessings. Much money is collected, and finally spent in decorating the interior of their places of worship. No control is exercised over the man entrusted with the money-bag, such as that in favour with our omnibus and tramway companies, nor is there any need ; for in case he tampers with the accounts, the lion at once has recourse to summary justice and eats him up. As I am just now out of sorts, my Arab friends press me hard to call in the lion, and let him work a charm. One hair of his noble mane, burnt in a certain way, works an instantaneous cure. How anybody, having such a chance, can pin his faith to a doctor is more than they can understand.

GRELIK



THE TURF. — As usual in a recognised holiday week there has been racing in all directions since Sunday last, Croydon, Kempton Park, Redcar, Bath, and Manchester being among the meetings held. The last named is the most important, mainly in consequence of the chief handicap, called the "Cup," to which no less a sum than 2,000/- in hard money is added, the prize being worth 1,000/- more to the winner. The Salford Borough Cup on the first day was won by Lord Bradford's *Hellebont* in a field of eleven, and on the following he scored again by taking the Duchy Welter Plate. The Hartington Plate for Two Year Olds fell to *Billycock*, the Duke of Westminster's *Eyebright* only getting second. F. Archer rode his Grace's filly, and this was his first appearance in the saddle since his accident. The result of the Cup we are unable to give, as it is set for decision later in the week than is usually the case with big handicaps. Next week is big with the fate of the Derby, for which the Duke of Westminster's unbeaten colt *Bend Or* is still first favourite at less than 3 to 1. Robert the Devil stands next at 6, and then comes his Grace's second string, *Muncaster*, *Ercildoune*, the property of Lord Rosebery, and in the same stable as *Bend Or* and *Muncaster*, also meets with strong support ; and among the comparative outsiders *Valentino* is most fancied. The field will hardly number a score, and it is hardly likely any dark horses will crop up between now and next Wednesday. Judging from his past performances the favourite is fully entitled to the position he holds, and those who prophecy his victory, as most professional *vaticinators* will, will probably not be far out. — On Sunday last at Chantilly, *Versigny*, who failed to secure the One Thousand at Newmarket, won the French "Oaks" easily enough, *G. Fordham* being her jockey.

CRICKET. — Bright but chilly weather has fallen to the lot of cricketers, who during the present week have been very busy in all directions. The Australian team has opened its campaign auspiciously, having defeated Sixteen of St. Luke's Club, Southampton, assisted by Mr. G. F. Grace and Mr. W. R. Gilbert, in one innings, with 21 runs to spare. Murdoch for the Australians made 97, but none of the Southampton men reached good figures, Mr. Grace being the best scorer on their side with 45 (not out) and 46. The Australian bowling as represented by Boyle and Spofforth was most difficult to play, but Palmer hardly showed the form with which he is credited. At Derby Our Visitors have played the County — which, by the way, was hardly represented by its greatest strength — and secured another easy victory, beating their opponents by eight wickets. No large score was made on either side. — At Lord's *Daft's* American Eleven essayed to play an "England" team, but were beaten by 94 runs. For England the Surrey cricketer, Mr. A. P. Lucas, scored 66 in an innings, and for *Daft's* Eleven *Selby* made 50. — The Notts Colts have beaten the Yorkshire ditto by eight wickets, and on both sides there was exhibited a fair amount of rising talent. — In the Surrey Colts' Match, Mr. Read, of *Thames Ditton*, showed first-rate cricket with both bat and ball, scoring 57 and 39 (not out). We shall probably see him playing in some of the county matches this season. — Though the season is yet but young, several "tall" scores have been already made. At Cambridge the Hon. Ivo Bligh, in a match between Trinity and St. John's a few days ago, put together 127 ; but this was a mere nothing when compared with H. W. Renny-Tailyour's 331 (not out) in the Royal Engineers v. Civil Service, for the latter of which Mr. W. Langley made 134. — At Cambridge again, in Jesus v. Trinity Hall, Garforth made 162 and Lucas 140 (not out) for the former. As long as the ground remains hard we shall probably find many long scores recorded, and instead of the slow bowling which predominated last season on the sodden wickets we shall have fast.

AQUATICS. — Boyd sailed this week to take part in the coming rowing competitions in America, but to the regret of many Elliott will not be able to join in the fray owing to his being laid up with a severe attack of rheumatic fever. — The result of some telegraphic communications with the Antipodes is to the effect that Trickett of Sydney is desirous of challenging Hanlan the Canadian to row for the Championship of England on the Thames in the month of October next. As probably most of our aquatic readers remember, Hanlan holds the Championship of "England" and Trickett that of the "World."

POLO. — On Whit Monday, at Brighton, the International Gun and Polo Club held a brilliant and most successful meeting in Preston Park, the visitors numbering between four and five thousand. Tilting, tent-pegging, and a variety of military pastimes were in the programme, as was a polo pony race, which was won by Mr. Wyndham Quin's Cigarette ; and perhaps the most spirited game of polo recorded for a long time was that witnessed on this occasion.

BICYCLING. — One of the prettiest spectacles after its kind is a bicycle meet ; and certainly the annual gathering of the Kentish clubs at Wateringbury, near Maidstone, on Monday last, was an excellent example of these popular assemblages of iron horses and their riders. Seventeen different societies were represented, and the members in all amounted to few short of 250.

LA CROSSE. — In announcing last week the La Crosse Athletic Meeting at Stamford Bridge Grounds, we inadvertently gave the wrong date. The meeting is fixed for this (Saturday) afternoon, 22nd inst., at three o'clock.

BILLIARDS. — M. Vignaux, the French Champion, will play Joseph Bennett two games of 1,000 up, the first on the 21st inst. at 8.30 P.M., and the second on the following day at 3.30 P.M. The Royal Aquarium is the trysting place for both.

PIGEON SHOOTING. — It is but seldom that so close a contest is witnessed as that recently shot off between M. de Rivière and Mr. Dashwood at the Gun Club Grounds, Shepherd's Bush. Out of 100 pigeons each, they both grassed 72, and thus made a tie of it.

THE CONVALESCENT BRANCH OF THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN. Churchfields, Margate, is greatly in want of funds, and a concert in aid of the charity was given at the Cliftonville Hall, Margate, last Tuesday, at which Mrs. Gould, who organised a similar entertainment in London last February, Mrs. Furlong, M. Musin, and other performers assisted. This Margate branch contains fourteen beds, in addition to sixty-three in the parent building at Chelsea, and little patients of all denominations are received, while the institution is wholly unendowed. Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary, Commander Blount, R.N., at the Hospital, Queen's Road, Chelsea.



GARDEN PARTIES on the English model are to be introduced into Parisian society this summer.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS has elected as members Messrs. H. Wallis, H. Moore, S. Read, and Oswald Brierley.

THE SOUTH HAMPSTEAD WORKING MENS' CLUB, under the chairmanship of Mr. Charles Mackeson, has opened a Loan Exhibition, at 54, Fleet Road, Hampstead, which is proving a great attraction to Whitsuntide visitors and others.

MR. W. R. S. RALSTON, of story-telling fame, has written an introduction to a collection of Indian Fairy Tales, which has been selected and translated by Miss Maive Stokes, a lady of the mature age of thirteen. The book will appear shortly.

THE IBEXES FROM KING VICTOR EMMANUEL'S COLLECTION, which were transferred to the Swiss Alps, and were becoming rapidly acclimatised, have suddenly disappeared. As they were fed not three weeks ago, it is feared they have been killed by an avalanche.

A VERY ROUGH LOVE SPELL was recently applied to an indifferent husband in one of the Russian provinces. The peasant declared that he had ceased to love his better half, and the village council sentenced him to twenty blows with rods, to "compel him to love his wife again."

PRINCE DEMIDOFF'S PALACE OF SAN DONATO, with its library and rare hothouse plants, is stated by the Italian *Nazione* to have been bought by the widow of M. Charles Blanc, the lately deceased owner of the gambling establishment at Monaco, and is intended as a dowry for her daughter on her marriage with Prince Roland, son of Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has acquired the painting by B. R. Haydon of the Anti-Slavery Convention held in 1840 under the presidency of Mr. T. Clarkson. The picture contains the likenesses of about 130 advocates of negro freedom, prominent amongst whom are Mrs. Opie, Lady Byron, Dr. Lushington, Sir J. Bowring, and Daniel O'Connell.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS was not a very expensive affair to the German Empire. The entertainment of the Delegates during their five weeks' stay cost 2,967/- 10s., and the most expensive items were the printing expenses, 990/- ; the re-decoration of the Radziwill Palace, where the meetings were held, 522/- ; and the twenty luncheons of the members, which amounted to 500/-.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS in France are ingeniously turned into new by a chemical process which removes all trace of their having been cancelled. The Post Office Director noticed that numerous tobacconists sold stamps without buying any from the authorities, and so discovered the fraud. Accordingly in future all stamps will be cancelled by a special ink made with petroleum, which cannot be extracted from the stamp without tearing the paper.

THE DOINGS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY are frequently chronicled by the French papers, but the accuracy of their Court news is decidedly questionable. Thus the Paris *Globe* states that the Princess Beatrice, eldest daughter of the Queen, has been staying in Paris, where she was joined on Saturday by the Prince and Princess Arthur coming from London, and subsequently by the Prince of Wales on his way home from Nice.

THE PARIS SALON has been visited this year by an unusually large number of persons, the receipts during the first eleven days amounting to 3,560/-, against 2,640/- during the same period last year. Two new rooms have now been opened to contain those pictures which could not find accommodation in the usual space, and also the works of such artists as objected to their position in the other rooms. The Salon will be closed as usual during the first four days of June for the juries to decide on the rewards, and for the rearrangement of the pictures.

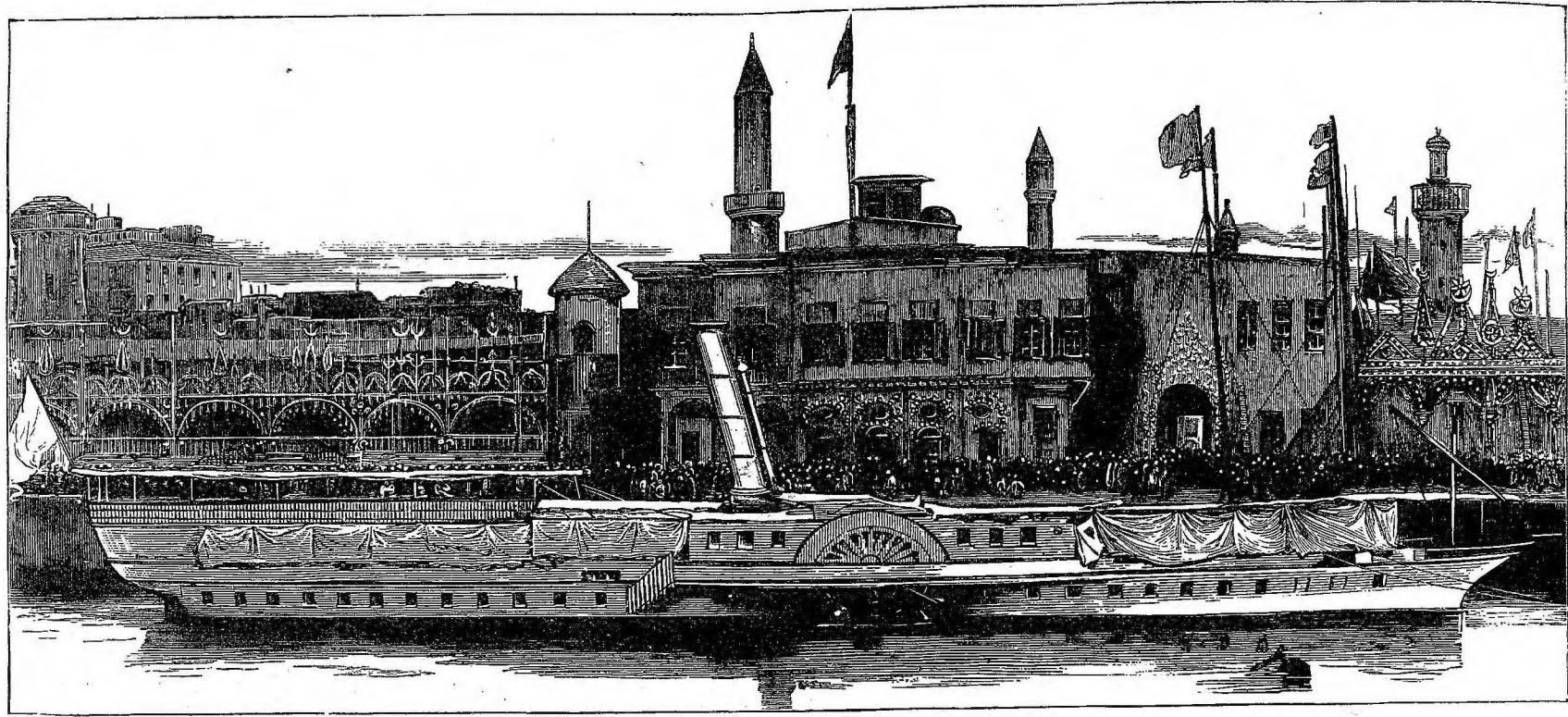
THE SCHOOL OF ART WOOD-CARVING at the Albert Hall has now five free studentships vacant — one in the day classes and four in the evening. These vacancies are available for persons of the industrial classes who intend to earn their living by wood-carving, and candidates must have passed the second grade examination of the Science and Art Department in Freehand Drawing. The day classes are from ten to five on five days a week, and ten to one on Saturdays, while the evening classes are held from seven to nine on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

THE LONDON CHILDREN OF THE POOR, whose only summer holiday is the brief "Day in the Country," provided by some neighbouring school or institution, may well envy their Transatlantic contemporaries in Boston, where a Young Men's Society annually gives a week or ten days' country trip to numbers of little street Arabs, whose vacations otherwise would be spent in straying round the streets and alleys. Last year 1,259 children were thus cared for. The Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has organised a similar system. 170 poor children have had a three weeks' holiday, being boarded out in various country cottages, at a cost of about 4/- or 5/- each weekly.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, the French author who lately died at Rouen, was a curiously slow worker. He always wrote at a little desk, like a music-stand, placed in the middle of the room, and when he had finished a single sentence, the *Parisian* tells us, he would light his pipe, throw himself back in his chair, and contemplate the phrase. At the end of quarter of an hour he would erase a useless word, after another interval he would change a word, and after a third pause would alter half the sentence. He was quite content if at the end of the morning he had found a sentence that really satisfied him. Thus it is not surprising that he was ten years writing his last work, a novel — "Bouvard et Pétuchet" — which he has left almost complete.

SWIMMING. — Mr. J. Garratt Elliott, the Hon. Secretary of the London Swimming Club, once more requests us to urge upon parents the importance of having their children taught to swim. The Tuition Tanks which he advocates for this purpose, 14 by 8 feet and 4 feet deep, can be erected complete at a cost of about 50/-, with warming and tuition apparatus. They will stand in any ante-room, and privacy and attention to instruction are ensured. The London Swimming Club continue their gratuitous tuition, a stamped envelope or postal wrapper sent to the secretary, at 14, Finsbury Square, E.C., will ensure a voucher being sent to each applicant. They also recommend teachers to those able to pay, or, when a bath is built, attend to give swimming fits for the encouragement of swimming.

AMERICAN ART is gradually dividing into two schools, the old and the new, and within the last three years the National Academy of Design in New York has been gradually deserted by the younger painters, who send their best works to the rival Association, the Society of American Artists, which may be cited as occupying much the same position as our Grosvenor Gallery. This year, according to the *American Architect*, the exhibition of the Academy was very poor ; out of the 760 works all were either commonplace and insipid or strikingly bad, while in the young Society the pictures, though often crude, were altogether unconventional and novel. Most noticeable, too, was the absence of anecdotal subjects, the artists relying more on quality of the execution than the interest of the theme.



EGYPT — VISIT OF THE KHEDIVE TO MANSOURAH

STUDIES AT CYPRUS

THESE engravings, the second of a series several of which we have already published, are from photographs by Herr Max Ohnefalsch Richter, special correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The first sketch shows Mr. Richter's old cook Gerasimi with his two sons, the elder Sophocles, the younger Stasiandros.

Another represents a bridal party. A young lad is seen kissing the hand of a priest; in the foreground is seated the bride, to whom the bridegroom is giving his hand. The man who is drinking out of a bottle is a Turk; it is to be presumed, therefore, that the beverage contained therein is of a strictly un intoxicate character, procured from an adjacent coffee palace.

The last represents a group of country folks dressed in their holiday attire. The famous Cyprus wine, which Mrs. Brassey describes as very strong, very sweet, and powerfully flavoured with tar, is drunk out of the Derbis bottle.

where man comes in as a disturbing element. Of late years, as human population has increased, and as therefore various forms of untamed animal life have greater difficulty than formerly in maintaining themselves, the importance of this doctrine has become more apparent. If farmers and gardeners kill off too many small birds, Nature revenges herself by sending a plague of insects, which the small birds, if alive, would have eaten; gamekeepers ruthlessly shoot hawks and kites, or snare stoats and polecats, with the result that their game grows up too thick for its feeding ground, sickly specimens are allowed to linger on, and a destructive murraim follows. The rook no doubt is fond of eggs; but nevertheless he does the farmer good service when he devours the grubs which are turned up by the plough; and as the salmon disease, which has of late years proved so destructive, is attributed by the best authorities to overcrowding, that glossy-coated fisherman, the otter, is really a benefactor to the followers of Izaak Walton's "gentle craft."

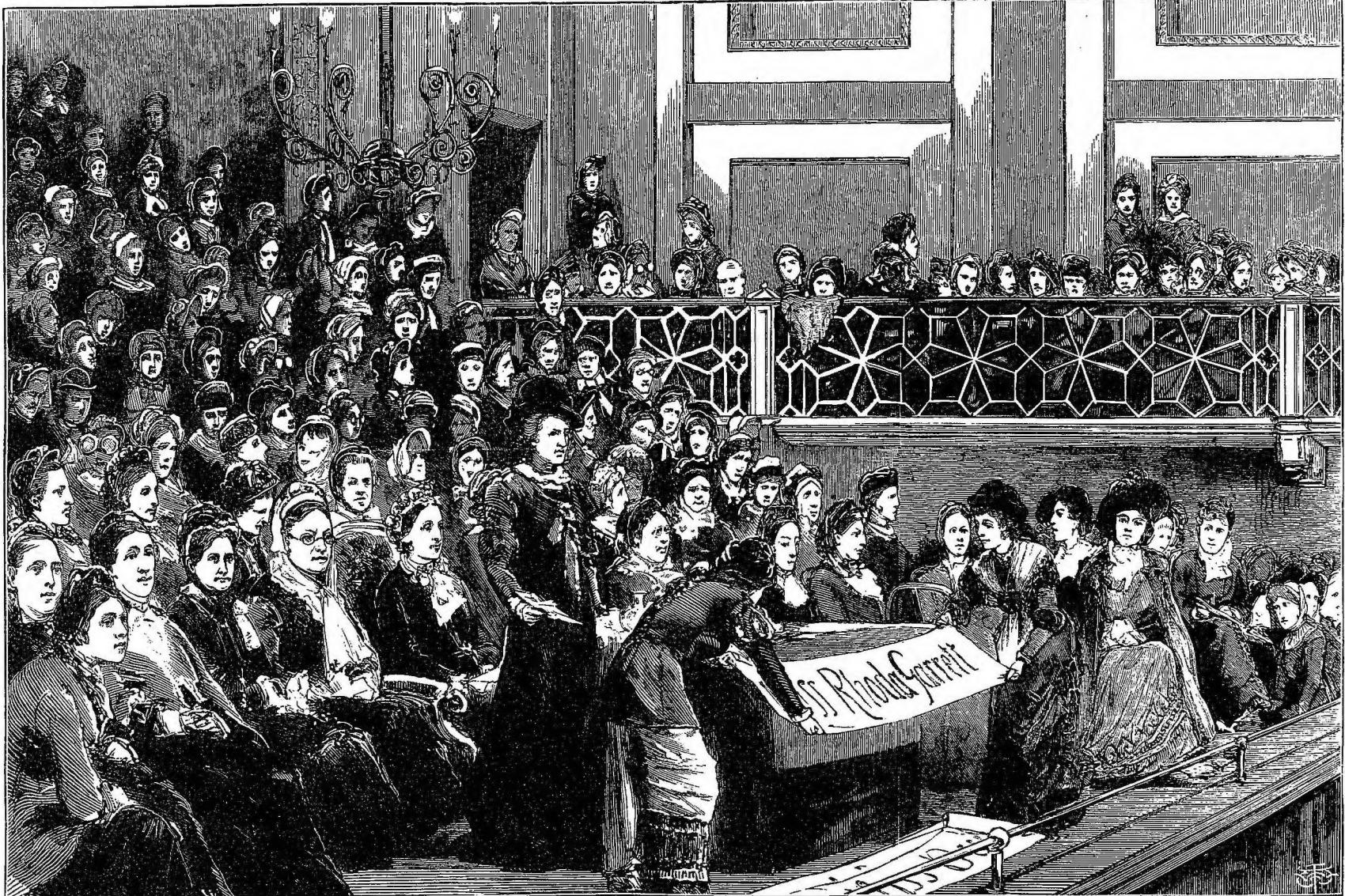
work there. Guns and ammunition were accordingly sent for; but only one rifle (which was fit for use) and seven cartridges arrived. This, a first-rate weapon, was carried by Mr. T. N. Christie, of St. Andrew's; while his companions, by means of shouting and throwing stones, employed themselves in driving the elephant to the spot most favourable to the holder of the rifle. The first bullet penetrated the head, but too high up to touch a vital part. Four other bullets were discharged, all hitting the elephant, but not seriously injuring him. The sixth bullet, fired from some sixty yards, entered the middle of the forehead, and the animal stood apparently stunned, the blood trickling from the wound. Mr. Christie had now only one cartridge left, so he walked up to within twenty-five yards of the elephant, and lodged his bullet behind the left ear. The huge beast fell with a crash, bringing down with him a tree near which he was standing. Mr. Christie deserves the highest credit for his coolness and courage, especially as neither he nor any of those present had before assisted at an elephant hunt. Being an excellent amateur photographer, he photographed the elephant with himself and his associates the following morning. The height of the elephant to the top of the shoulder was nearly nine feet. He was in very good condition, and was evidently a "rogue," as he was very fierce, and quite alone, far from the regular elephant-paths.—We are indebted for the photograph, and for the above details, to Mr. J. Ferguson, of the *Ceylon Observer*, Colombo.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN CEYLON

THE estate of Situlaganga, under the shadow of Adam's Peak, Ceylon, was recently the scene of an exciting elephant-hunt. The elephant in question was first seen in an adjoining estate; on the following morning he had descended into a small belt of jungle, and threatened to be a dangerous neighbour to the coolies who were at

MEMBERS OF THE POACHING FRATERNITY

AMONG the various wild animals which inhabit the earth, it is difficult to decide which are really friendly and which are really hostile to man's interests. The actual fact appears to be that there is neither hostility nor friendship, but that the balance of numbers in the animal and vegetable kingdoms is admirably maintained save



WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE — THE NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION AT ST. JAMES'S HALL



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

"Do you like the cloak?" said the Countess. "My dear Mrs. Pennefeather, I will give it to you."

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A "SCRATCH" DINNER

WHEN Lancelot and Cochrane unconsciously put Miss Savage to the flight that morning, they had ridden over to The Hermitage for the purpose of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Pennefeather to what Lancelot called "a scratch dinner." However, all his little dinners—and he gave a good many little dinners in the shooting season—were in a sense "scratch dinners;" consisting for the most part of stray men from London and officers from the barracks, with an occasional sprinkling of the lesser local gentry. His list rarely included ladies; and as for the great county magnates who used to dine at Brackenbury Court in his father's and brother's time, he never invited them at all. Living as he lived, in merely bachelor's quarters, it was out of the question that he should "entertain" upon any but the most modest "scale; a dinner at Old Court being, in fact, only a sort of indoors picnic among the ruins. Such, at all events, was the light in which he was wont to put these small parties. Which, being picnics independent of wind and weather, were very pleasant and very popular.

Now this particular "scratch" dinner was the third he had given during his friend's visit; and as Cochrane's leave of absence would expire the next day but one, it might be regarded as in some sort a farewell entertainment. The date fixed was the evening of the day appointed for the settlement of the Langtry mortgage. In other words, about ten days after Cochrane's introduction to the ladies of The Grange, and something less than a week from the time when Winifred's twelve thousand pounds were paid into the Old Bank at Singleton.

The guests were bidden for half-past six, to dine at a quarter before seven; the distances from house to house being considerable in that part of the world, and our good North-country hours being earlier then, and more reasonable, than now. Lancelot always sent a brougham for Mr. and Mrs. Pennefeather on these occasions, and they were generally the first to arrive. To-night, however, a carriage and pair followed so closely upon the Brackenbury equipage, that Mrs. Pennefeather and another lady were taking off their wraps at the same time.

"Well now, I knew it must be you, Mrs. Pennefeather, when I saw Lord Brackenbury's brougham in front," said this lady, whom Mrs. Pennefeather addressed as "Countess;" and who was enveloped from head to foot in a cloud of furs, laces, and delicate fleecy textures. "How strange it seems to call him Lord Brackenbury—doesn't it? Strange to me; but stranger still, no doubt, to those who knew his brother. I guess we shall not be invited to many more little dinners at Old Court! Well, I confess I long to

see the great house thrown open—don't you? But you are looking fagged, Mrs. Pennefeather. You are sitting up late, and working too hard—I can see that. Are you writing another novel?"

"Oh, I am always writing another novel—it is my normal condition," replied Mrs. Pennefeather lightly.

"To look fagged is not your normal condition, Mrs. Pennefeather; and I don't like to see it."

"You don't look fagged, at all events," said Mrs. Pennefeather, admiringly.

"I should be basely ungrateful to the Carlsbad springs, if I did," replied the other, with a pleased smile and a glance at the looking-glass.

She was tall, slender, transparently fair, bright-eyed and vivacious-looking; young too, though not so young as one might at first sight suppose; with an indefinable something in her face, her accent, her manner, which was not exactly English, and not exactly foreign; but which was, at all events, very winning and quite free from affectation. She was certainly more frank in her address, one might almost say more familiar, than the generality of Englishwomen; and a close observer might possibly have remarked that she gave people their names and titles somewhat more frequently than we are ourselves wont to do in conversation. Yet even this peculiarity had in her a certain charm, and seemed to imply a more than ordinary degree of interest and attention, which was very flattering to the person with whom she happened to be talking. And then she had a most charming smile—a smile not merely of the lips but of the eyes—which played over the whole face, like a ripple on sunlit water.

"I suppose you took Paris on the way home?" said Mrs. Pennefeather, with a sigh.

"Well, yes, Mrs. Pennefeather. We stayed just long enough to do some shopping; but I don't care for Paris in October and November. And now, because I am a vain wretch and love to be praised, tell me if you like my dress?"

"Your dresses are always more beautiful than anyone else's dresses," said Mrs. Pennefeather, who had not a spark of envy in her composition; "and I think this is more beautiful than any of its predecessors. Besides, you never look better than in white. And what a cloak! White fur and amber satin! You might drive out to dinner at the North Pole in such a thing as that, and not feel cold."

"Do you like the cloak? My dear Mrs. Pennefeather, I will give it to you."

"Countess!"

"Yes, indeed. I don't want it in the least. I have another quite as warm—lined throughout with miniver. I will send this over to you to-morrow."

"But—but it is much too splendid for me!" stammered poor Mrs. Pennefeather, in a flutter of surprise and delight. "I have nothing half good enough to wear with it."

"Then I will take care that you have something to wear with it also. Nay, dear Mrs. Pennefeather, the favour is all on your side. You forget what an admirer I am of literary talent."

"Are you ladies never coming?" said a thin masculine voice, which seemed to come from somewhere up in the ceiling of the passage outside.

"Heavens and earth! we are forgetting our unfortunate husbands," exclaimed the Countess.

Then, giving Mrs. Pennefeather's hand a cordial little squeeze, she went out, took the arm of an immensely tall, slender, light-moustachioed man who was waiting outside the door, and swept down the passage in a rustle of silks and laces. The curate and his wife meanwhile hung modestly back, till Church had announced:—

"Mr. Fink and the Countess Castelrosso."

The guests now arrived in quick succession; and presently Lancelet gave his arm to the beautiful Countess, and led her out to dinner.

They sat down twelve in number; the gentlemen being in a majority of four, which made the lower end of the table look somewhat sombre. Cochrane, however, who had Mrs. Pennefeather for his partner, and sat within speaking distance of the Countess, found himself very pleasantly off.

"You must be so charitable, Mrs. Pennefeather, as to tell me who all these good people are," he said when the soup had been removed, and the fish was going round. "Every face is new to me this evening, except your own."

"Must I?" said Mrs. Pennefeather. "Then I will begin with the ugliest—which is Sir Grimsby Turnbull's."

"That big man with the harsh voice, who looks as if he had been parboiled?"

"That big man is a very big man, indeed, from his own point of view. He is Chairman of the Brackenbury Iron Company and Liberal Member for Singleton—a pompous bore, who talks as if he had swallowed a porcupine."

"The old lady next to him is evidently of your opinion."

"That is Lady Symes—a delightful old woman—witty, wicked, and devout. She was a great beauty in her day. Sir Thomas Lawrence painted her as Helen of Troy; and it is whispered that the Prince Regent played Paris to her Helen; but, of course, that's scandal. She is strictly orthodox—gave a thousand pounds last summer towards the new church at Bosmere; subscribes to all the best charities; is charming to talk to; and has a wonderful

memory. I'd give anything to write her Life and Recollections."

"Divided, like the History of England, into the period of the Conquest, and the period of the Reformation?"

Mrs. Pennefeather laughed.

"If you make epigrams, Mr. Cochrane," she said, "you must expect me to steal them for my next book. Am I to go on? Well, then, that intelligent-looking man with the beard is Dr. Saunders—physician, traveller, ethnologist, naturalist, with an alphabet of honorary capitals at the end of his name. He has been twice round the world, and has lately settled down to practice his profession in Singleton. Of course, he is too good for the place, and our people don't know what to make of him. The two other men at the bottom of the table are Major Blewitt and Captain Bryce; 'heavies' from the barracks. Major Blewitt distinguished himself in India—that shy little girl in grey satin next to Dr. Saunders is Mrs. Blewitt. Captain Bryce plays the cornet, and hasn't an idea in his head."

"Perhaps he has blown his brains out," suggested Cochrane.

"Mr. Cochrane, some dreadful tragedy will happen if you persist in these courses. You are positively too clever to live."

"You are pleased to be satirical, Mrs. Pennefeather. But you have told me nothing about the one person who most excites my curiosity."

And he glanced in the direction of the Countess Castelrosso.

"Impossible, in such close neighbourhood. You must wait till after dinner."

Other conversations more or less desultory were meanwhile going on round the table. The fair Countess flirted with her host; Mr. Fink made himself flatteredly agreeable to Mrs. Blewitt; Mr. Pennefeather and Major Blewitt were talking about the climate and resources of the Punjab; Captain Bryce was manfully eating his dinner. As for Lady Symes, she looked undisguisedly bored, not to say irritated, for the third *entrée* had made its appearance, and still Sir Grimsby Turnbull was grinding his measured platitudes in her unwilling ear.

"Show me any other remedy," he said. "I say it again—show me any other remedy. The labour market is overstocked. In other words, the supply exceeds the demand. Now this is a matter upon which not only the present, but the future commercial prosperity of the country unquestionably depends. What is to be done with the underpaid and unemployed masses? I ask, what is to be done?"

"Give 'em plenty of work, I should say, and pay 'em good wages," replied Lady Symes, sharply.

"But—but my dear Madam—we have to legislate for an immense surplus population!"

"My dear Sir Grimsby, I am a stupid old woman, and I know nothing about political economy; but it's my belief that cannibalism is a fundamental law of nature, and that where there's a surplus population, it's a pity it shouldn't be eaten."

With this, Lady Symes turned her back upon the Liberal Member, and, passing by an easy transition from cannibalism to primitive man, began talking to Dr. Saunders about the Monboddo theory.

"I had the pleasure of his lordship's acquaintance," she said; "centuries ago, sir—before you were born. He was amusing to talk to; but he rode his hobby to death. In a company where I was present one evening at my Lady Carnegie's, he used an ingenious argument, comparing the race of man to the breed of Manx cats, which doubtless owe their taillessness to accident, and originally descended from ancestors with tails. He would have it that such was our case, and that men of the primitive pattern might yet be found in some undiscovered island of the Pacific. I laughed at this, and whispered Mr. Brummell that my lord probably had hereditary reasons for his views. This came to his ears, and he never spoke to me after. Yet, though I laughed I inclined to his opinion. Sure some old travellers testify to having seen men with tails? Tell me what you think, Dr. Saunders?"

"Madam," said Dr. Saunders, "I think they were traveller's tales."

"To beg the question with a joke, sir, is not to answer it," retorted the old lady, somewhat tartly.

"But to answer it seriously, in the present stage of physiological science, is impossible."

"Ah, well, I am no physiologist," said Lady Symes; "but it's my firm conviction that Adam and Eve had tails."

Now as ill-fortune would have it, there chanced at that moment to be a lull in the general conversation; so that Lady Symes's opinion upon this delicate pre-historic point was distinctly heard by the whole table. An awful silence followed. The ladies looked shocked; Mr. Pennefeather looked scandalised; Captain Bryce laughed outright; and Mrs. Pennefeather bit her lips, lest she should follow suit. Then, as by common consent, every one began talking at once, and Adam and Eve were drowned in a sea of commonplaces.

Lady Symes meanwhile went on chattering, not only to Dr. Saunders, but to all within a long range of speaking distance.

"I saw you the other night at Grasslands, Mr. Fink," she said; "you and your wife. How late you arrived! And what a crush it was! I hate house-warmings—don't you? However, I was one of the chosen few who dined; so I ought not to grumble. I managed to get into a corner before the siege began, and looked on in safety. How handsome Lady Violet grows; but so frigid! She takes after her mother in that—the Jungfrau and the *Mère de Glace*, I call 'em. Did you see Lord Everton of Toffee? Oh, yes, he was there; and without his bitter half. The poor man seemed to be enjoying his liberty. I had a long chat with him, and with the new Dean. I don't fancy the new Dean. His opinions are like his clothes—they fit so badly that they must have been picked up at second-hand. I'm no logician; but I hate a slovenly thinker. Mr. Pennefeather says nothing; but I'll warrant he loves the Dean no better than I do."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Symes; I have no acquaintance whatever with the Dean," protested Mr. Pennefeather.

"But you have read his book, I presume; and that is enough. What do you think of the Dean's book, Dr. Saunders?"

"Indeed, Madam, I cannot say. I tried to dip into it; but it was so dry that dipping was impossible."

"Dry! 'Tis drier than the African desert. They say Moses had a copy of it in his pocket, and that was why the Red Sea divided. As for the critics, they have all taken to drinking since they reviewed it."

"I will take care never to offend Lady Symes, lest I should some day write a book," said Cochrane, in a whisper.

Mrs. Pennefeather shrugged her shoulders.

"Friend or foe," she said, "it makes no difference."

"Does she cut your books up, then?"

"Cut them up! She makes microscopic mincemeat of them. But she can't help it, you know—she's so terribly smart."

"It is easy to be smart if one does not mind being spiteful," said Cochrane; "and I'm not sure that all her ladyship's good things are original."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DUEL

LADY SYMES was one of those terrible people who can eat, talk, and listen at the same time; so she probably heard Horace Cochrane's criticism upon herself. The ladies, at all events, had no sooner retired to the drawing-room—that is to say, to the studio—

than she began questioning Mrs. Pennefeather as to the stranger who took her in to dinner.

"In a Government office, is he? Ah, well, you know, that's not much. Those Government offices nowadays are really little better than genteel idiot asylums. Your Mr. Cochrane, my dear, struck me as excessively shallow. But tell me something about yourself. Is the new book nearly ready, and what will be its title? Ah! everybody asks that question, don't they? You are quite right not to answer it. But you write too fast, my dear. No author has any business to produce two novels a year."

"But I don't write for fame, dear Lady Symes," said poor Mrs. Pennefeather. "I write for money; and such slight stories as mine are very easily written."

"Slight or not, you don't want to write yourself out, do you? And you are writing yourself out, as fast as your pen can carry you. I'm a stupid old woman, and I don't know much about literature; but you may take my word for it, Mrs. Pennefeather, the author who scribbles off book after book, presuming on a little temporary popularity, is a mere suicidal goose, who kills himself for the sake of his own golden eggs."

Then, turning to the Countess Castelrosso:

"You think a vast deal of authors in America, don't you, madam? More than we do in this country, eh?"

The Countess smiled her brilliant smile, and shot a mischievous glance at Mrs. Pennefeather.

"If I say 'yes,' Lady Symes, I seem to exalt my countrymen at the expense of yours," she replied. "But we do honour talent—especially literary talent—very highly indeed. Our authors are our nobility. In aristocratic countries—over here, you know—you talk of the Republic of Letters. But we, who are Republicans, recognise an Aristocracy of Letters. Perhaps that sounds odd to you, Lady Symes. You are not used to looking at talent in that way. But then your way is not our way; and your way, to an American, is very odd indeed. It seems to us that you keep your clever people at arm's length, rather—as if they hadn't been properly introduced, or as if you wanted to know about their fathers and grandfathers. I dare say I'm wrong; but that is our impression in America."

"We certainly don't send a man out as Ambassador to Paris or Berlin, because he happens to have written a comic novel, or edited a newspaper," said Lady Symes.

"Ah, no—of course not; but then you see you are a great historic nation. You have your traditional school of diplomacy—at the Foreign Office, isn't it, Lady Symes—one of the genteel idiot asylums you mentioned just now? We have nothing of that sort—no traditions, you know; not even so many idiot asylums as you have. But then we have no younger sons of noble birth to push through the world. That, of course, makes a difference."

And the fair American, as she said this, smiled most sweetly and innocently in Lady Symes's face.

"I should hate a country in which every man was as good as every other man—if not better," said Lady Symes, looking at her somewhat askance.

"I don't suppose you would enjoy America, Lady Symes. The principle of universal equality would grate upon your—your sense of exquisite refinement, you know. You would find us wanting in that hereditary urbanity which comes natural to the English. But that is because we have no traditions. By and by, when we are older and have traditions, we shall probably improve. These things come by cultivation, I suppose, like fruits. There was a time (wasn't there?) when the sloe and the crab-apple were your only English fruits—yet, by dint of culture you have developed them into peaches and Ribstone pippins. Now we are in the crab-apple stage; but we hope to be Ribstone pippins by and by. In the meanwhile, you know—in the absence of culture, and traditions, and idiot asylums—we look to what a man is; not to what his father and grandfather may have been. Perhaps we are not as particular as we ought to be about introductions. That is a defect in our education. But we appreciate brains. With brains, a man may do anything in America. He may begin by keeping a dry-goods' store—or even by writing a comic novel, Lady Symes—and end by becoming President of the United States."

The gentlemen had by this time come in; and as the majority gravitated, according to a natural law, in the direction of the Countess's chair, she delivered this last little speech—with artless grace, and a look of angelic unconsciousness—in the presence of a little audience. The smiles of this audience exceedingly aggravated Lady Symes, who was not used to being complimented on her refinement and courtesy and who was unwise enough to lose her temper.

"I have heard this sort of thing before," she said, rudely. "Brains and equality, and all the rest of it; but I'm a stupid old woman, and I confess I don't understand it. If you Americans think so much of brains, how is it you care so much for dollars? If you are Republicans, why do you court the society of the great, and marry foreign titles? Your theory doesn't square with your practice, to my thinking."

"Brains make dollars, and dollars are power, Lady Symes; so brains and dollars are to some extent synonymous terms," replied the Countess. "And as regards the question of intermarriage" . . . here she smiled sweetly in Lady Symes's face, and flirted her fan. "Well, you see, we are such lovers of equality that we perhaps think only Europe's best is quite good enough for us. I don't mean to say that you might not, here and there, find an American who thinks more of mere rank than is consistent with Republican principles. I doubt not that such may be found, Lady Symes; but we are in the transition stage, you see—crab-apples aspiring to be Ribstone pippins. With more culture, and more idiot asylums, we shall get over these little weaknesses and backslidings. Still the backsliders are exceptions; and exceptions, you know, prove the rule. There may be Americans who are title-hunters and title-worshippers; I admit the possibility. Just as I admit, for the sake of argument, that there may be English who are neither courteous nor refined. But then I have never met any of those dreadful English, Lady Symes; and I trust you may never meet any such wicked Americans."

And the Countess Castelrosso, having delivered this parting shaft, rose, gathering her laces together, and with a graceful bend which was half a bow and half a curtsey, glided away to the other end of the room.

Cochrane, in the meanwhile, had sought Mrs. Pennefeather, and claimed the fulfilment of her promise.

"We are conveniently far off now," he said, "and I am dying to know all about Mr. Fink and the fair American. Who is she? And why is she not plain Mrs. Fink?"

"Because, like a good Republican, she began by marrying a coronet."

"Mr. Fink being her second husband?"

"Mr. Fink being her second husband. Count Castelrosso was a very distinguished man—one of the Pope's great officers of State—Chancellor, or Grand Chamberlain, or something; and author of a learned book on Dante, which I dare say you know more about than I do. When he died, she went to visit her parents in America—that was about the time of the war with Mexico. I think she had relations in Texas. At all events, she joined the Ambulance Hospital at the seat of war, and there met Mr. Fink, who had gone out as a volunteer, to fight for the Yankees."

"Gallant Mr. Fink! You are quite sure you are not extemporising the plot of a novel, Mrs. Pennefeather?"

"If I were, I should tell you that he fell desperately wounded, and owed his life to her care. But he only fell desperately in love. She refused him. He followed her all over Europe; proposed to her in Constantinople, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Paris; and was accepted in London. They are very rich. He owns a large property here in the North, and she had two millions of dollars; and they are as happy as a Prince and Princess in a fairy tale."

"A very pretty ending. I only wonder she did not fly at higher game than the Italian Count—but perhaps she likes Rome. They have a regular *Code de mariage*, you know—these Transatlantic beauties. They graduate in matrimonial honours. England is their double-first—their prize of prizes. They love the substantial respectability of the British Peerage. France next, for the sake of Paris—which is their earthly Paradise. Then Italy, because they are uncommonly fond of Rome. After Italy, Austria—Vienna being a mighty pleasant place in its way. Last of all, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Lisbon, and the lesser Continental fry."

"Mr. Cochrane, that is cynical, and I don't like it," said Mrs. Pennefeather. "The Americans are the most warm-hearted people in the world; and you would make it appear that they marry for cold ambition only. No verdict could possibly be more unjust or more mistaken."

"I was not speaking of the nation," replied Cochrane; "but of the pretty women; and pretty women are ambitious all the world over. As for your friend, she is quite charming, and I am half in love with her—though I fear Lady Symes is not of my way of thinking."

"Lady Symes is a spiteful old woman, and deserved all she got. Society is slavishly afraid of her, and she tramples upon it. It is well she should be silenced now and then."

The Countess's chair had by this time again become the centre of a little court; while Major and Mrs. Blewitt sang something about a gondola and moonlight, to which nobody listened. Presently the guests who had farthest to drive began to say good night. Among these were the Pennefeathers; for it was Saturday evening, and the curate had his own and his vicar's Sunday work before him.

"You shall have the cloak to-morrow, my dear," whispered the good-natured beauty, when Mrs. Pennefeather bade her good night. "And don't believe a word that old cat said to you about the danger of writing yourself out. Your last book was perfectly charming, and the next is sure to be still better. There's my bad husband playing a rubber, and it is nearly eleven o'clock!"

The game over, Mr. Fink left the card-table; Cochrane took his place; and soon the whist-players were the only remaining guests. It now became a gentlemen's party; and, being all good players, they went on from rubber to rubber till long after midnight. Even then they lingered awhile, chatting over their punch and cigars; and it was a long way into Sunday morning before James the stableman pocketed his ultimate half-crown, barred the yard gate, and heard the last faint sound of departing wheels die away in the distance.

(To be continued)



THE ROYAL ACADEMY

III.

PICTURES of an official kind, representations of stately ceremonials and the like, are not often successful, and Mr. Val Princeps' enormous work, "The Imperial Assemblage at Delhi" (623) is not an exception to the rule. Its comparative failure is, however, in a great measure due to the intractable nature of the subject and the artist's uncompromising adherence to actual fact. A vast amphitheatre, hung round with gaudy banners, spectators ranged in formal rows, and a raised platform strongly suggestive of the temporary structures of the stage are not materials that readily lend themselves to pictorial treatment; nor are two lines of trumpeters in coats thickly overlaid with gold lace, and black hats of hideous form, well adapted to form the most prominent group in an historical picture. It might reasonably be supposed that an assemblage of sumptuously attired native potentates would form a scene of Oriental splendour, but the Rajahs and Begums hold a subordinate place in the composition, and the inexorable circumstances of the ceremony have prevented the painter from grouping them so as to produce an agreeable pictorial effect. But though the picture is unsatisfactory as a whole, many of its individual parts may be examined with interest; the numerous heads are vigorously painted, and many of them are full of strongly marked character. In the large picture, "Victoria Regina" (217), by Mr. H. T. Wells, to which the place of honour in the large gallery has been assigned, few executive qualities can be found to compensate for its feebleness of design and essentially commonplace treatment.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the present Exhibition, in portraiture it is above the average. Mr. Millais in this, as in some other, departments of art, holds the foremost place by reason of the variety as well as the extent of his power; but by painters of more limited range there are several portraits of remarkable merit. Those by Mr. F. Holl arrest the attention by their vivid force of realisation and life-like appearance; but besides their breadth of effect and masterly handling, they show a keen perception of character. His half-length portraits of "Major George Graham" (302) and "S. Adams Beck, Esq." (123), which seem to us his most complete works, display a rare power, not only of seizing the salient traits of his sitters, but of realising their essential character as far as it is impressed on their outward features. They are, however, as well as the artist's other works, unnecessarily cold in tone; in all of them we feel the want of living colour in the flesh tints. Mr. Ouless, who confines himself exclusively to portraiture, is, like Mr. Holl, an able executant and a skilful delineator of character. His portrait of "Alexander Matheson, Esq., M.P." (117), and his half-length of "Mr. Justice Manisty" (319) (clad in judicial robes), are excellent examples of his style; but a more subtle piece of characterisation than either is to be seen in his head of "Cardinal Newman" (438). Besides the picture already mentioned, Mr. G. F. Watts sends a head in profile of a lady who has been often painted, and more often photographed, called "The Dean's Daughter" (4), delightful for its graceful simplicity of treatment as well as its refined beauty. In his very small portrait of "H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," M. Bastien Lepage seems to have adopted the style of Janet as well as the costume of his period. The head is modelled with supreme care, but it is not very successful as a likeness. Mr. A. T. Lumley, in his large full-length of the Prince (360) has managed to render the head entirely subordinate to the forcibly but crudely painted State robes. By Mr. J. Forbes Robertson there is a head of "Thomas Brock," the sculptor (336), full of character and firmly painted; and by Mr. Lowes Dickinson a half-length of "Thomas Lucas, Esq." (46), in his usual sound and solid style.

A very vivacious and characteristic scene of Venetian life is that depicted by C. Van Haanen in his large "Pearl-Stringers in Venice." Though hitherto, we think, quite unknown in England, the artist is evidently a master of his craft. The party of girls who,



C.R

H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. ARTHUR J. MELHUISH, F.R.A.S.

in a long low workshop, are engaged in stringing coral beads under the superintendance of a stout old lady, present a singularly animated appearance. Their attitudes are skilfully varied, but they are all thoroughly spontaneous, and some of them are distinguished by great beauty and natural grace of movement. They are drawn, too, with the skill of a practised hand, and most picturesquely grouped. The picture is painted throughout with well-restrained power, and the colour, though bright and pure, is perfectly harmonious.

A similar sense of the expressiveness of unconscious gesture is shown in Guelano Chierici's "A Desperate Venture" (349), in which a Neapolitan cobbler and his family are watching, with the utmost interest, the first effort of a young child to walk alone. The scene is full of vitality, every head being expressive and the attitude of every figure natural, and the purely pictorial qualities of the work are of a high order; it is fuller in tone, larger in style, and more complete than anything the painter has exhibited here before.

The large picture by the Hungarian painter, Michael Munkacsy, called "The Two Families" (650), though it displays very great ability, seems to us a most unsatisfactory performance. In a profusely, if not tastefully furnished room, a splendidly-attired lady and her children are superintending the breakfast of a portly pug and her pups. The treatment is as different from that of the painter's previous works as the subject, for though it shows unquestionable power, it is entirely deficient in that most important element in Art—moderation. There is no subordination in it, and no keeping. Instead of a well-ordered scheme of light and shade, and vigorous but sound handling, such as might be expected from the artist, we find only violent contrasts of ill-harmonised colour, sudden transitions of light and dark, and unmeaning bravura of execution.

Close to this hangs a well-conceived and very ably executed picture of humble German life, "Broken Promises" (649), by Carl Schloesser. A reformed drunkard, who has lapsed into his besetting vice, in a dejected attitude, with shame and mortification in his face, is seated beside his wife, who looks at him with more sorrow than resentment. The expression of the heads is rendered with subtle skill, and the picture is remarkable for its sound workmanship and sober harmony of colour.

No artist has this year made a more decided advance than Mr. R. C. Woodville. His last year's "Before Leuthen" was full of energy and graphic power, but his present picture, "Blenheim, August 13th, 1704" (453), shows more artistic skill in arranging the materials of his subject, and a greatly increased command of technical resource. On a slight eminence in the foreground whence we can obtain a comprehensive view of the field, Marlborough is seated on horseback, surrounded by his staff. His calm and collected air, and the deliberation with which he gives instructions to his *aides-de-camp*, contrast strongly with the turmoil around him. On the right the British soldiers are already engaged in a desperate conflict with the enemy, and behind, on all sides, long lines of troops are seen advancing to support them. The horses as well as men, many of them in strenuous action, are drawn and painted with remarkable vigour, and all the numerous episodical incidents are well considered and appropriate. In the picture which hangs as a companion to this, "Marlborough after the Battle of Ramilles" (459), by Mr. E. Crofts, the great commander is seen at a later period of his career. In front of a line of soldiers, who cheer him as he passes, he is riding at the head of his staff to inspect the prisoners and trophies of war. The scene is full of animation, and although it is deficient in tone, the picture is entitled to high praise for its truth of character and artistic treatment.

It is agreeable to turn from these warlike themes to a few works which manifest a sense of humour. Among these is Mr. J. Hayllar's large picture representing "A Deputation of Villagers presenting a Wedding Gift" (1,433). The bride is unaffected and graceful, but the interest lies in the party of villagers who come to present to her a silver cup. These are all true types of rustic character, and each is distinct from the rest. The elderly peasant in a smock frock is very good, but the best figure is the spokesman of the party, who, with his toes turned out, stands forward with an amusing air of conscious superiority. The value of the work lies entirely in its expressive qualities, for it is crude in style and has no charm of colour. The same may be said of Mr. J. Morgan's large "Breach of Promise of Marriage" (507), representing a crowd pouring out of a Court of Justice at the end of a trial. The fair plaintiff, the irate defendant, and the friends of both, the barristers, the policemen, and the idle lookers-on, are strongly characterised, and show great diversity of expression, but in some of them, character almost degenerates into caricature. In spite of this, and the smooth and mannered style of execution, the picture is extremely amusing. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's picture of a party of medieval monks fishing for their Friday's dinner, called "Thursday" (509) is marked by a quiet unobtrusive humour akin to that of Mr. Marks, whose technical method the painter seems to have adopted. Infinitely superior to these in pictorial qualities, and certainly not less humorous, is Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Drawing the Long Bow" (403). The complacent pleasure with which the gasconading soldier of fortune recounts his fictitious adventures as he sits in a tavern is admirably expressed, and not less so the amused incredulity of his listener. The picture is painted in masterly style, and is very rich and harmonious in colour. A larger and more important picture by this artist we leave for future notice.

There is a completeness and thoroughness in breadth of effect, feeling, and general harmony in the picture entitled "For Ever," by Herbert Schmalz, which augurs well for the career of this young painter.

GUARDI AND CONTINENTAL GALLERY

A COLLECTION of foreign pictures, formed apparently with a view of satisfying tastes of the most varied kinds, has just been opened at Mr. Martin Colnaghi's small gallery in the Haymarket. The largest work, but certainly not the best, is by Brozzi, and represents "The Introduction by the Pope of Petrarca and Laura to the Emperor Charles of Austria, at Avignon." The picture is broadly painted and effective, but there is not much beauty in the face of Laura, and not much intelligence in that of her lover, nor are their movements or those of any of the other figures particularly expressive. On the opposite wall there is an interior with a single figure, "L'Oiseau Favori," by F. Willems, in his best style, sober in tone and in excellent keeping. By De Haas there is a large cattle picture, "Au Paturage," displaying his accustomed skill in dealing with subjects of the kind, and a better work, "The Three Friends," consisting of two donkeys and a boy. The animals here are admirably drawn and modelled, and the effect of bright sunlight is very forcibly rendered. A large rustic interior with figures, "Bois Sage," by H. J. Melis, is broadly painted in the manner of Josef Israels, and has, to some extent, the fine qualities that distinguish that artist's work. Of the modern Spanish school there are numerous examples, including about a dozen miniature pictures, painted with the most minute and elaborate care by Domingo. Of these "Le Parti de Piquet" and "A ma Propre Santé," seem to be the best in composition and colour, but they are on so small a scale that their merits can scarcely be discerned. "A Halt on the Road to Tivoli," by Galosse, is very true in local character and sunny in effect, and "A Street in Naples," by Mas y Fondevilla, is well painted and luminous. There is a brilliantly-coloured sketch of "The Bridge of Sighs," by Garcia y Ramos, and a characteristic example of R. Madrazo's facile, false, and flimsy work, called "Preparing for the Ball."



THE SEASON.—During the past fortnight hops have made fairly satisfactory progress. Reports from different districts are very diverse, but on the whole things are more hopeful than they were this time last year. Wheat has made more progress than barley or oats, for the sunshine has suited it, whilst the east winds are less injurious to wheat than to almost any other vegetable growth. The eastern air currents have been remarkably persistent, and tender plants have suffered severely from the strength of dry wind and hot sun. At midday the glass has risen to 133 degrees *in vacuo*, and as much as 73 degrees has been recorded in the shade. The mean temperature of the first five months of 1880 will show most favourably in comparison with 1879, while the deficiency of rainfall is much less than people seem to think.

MR. CAIRD ON AGRICULTURE.—Among agricultural authorities it appears to be generally recognised that a more weighty and statesmanlike utterance on the position of agriculture than is contained in Mr. Caird's recent letter to *The Times* has seldom been heard. Ten days after its appearance we re-read it with even increased conviction that every landowner and every farmer in the country would do well to read it, and lay its lessons to heart. The letter is far too long for quotation, but the following remarks on one point concerning the people generally may be here noted down:—

"The people are at the same time altering rapidly in the proportion in which they use bread and meat. Bakers' shops are diminishing, and butchers' shops increasing. Vegetables, fresh from our own fields, or brought by fast steamers from the ports of the neighbouring continent, are more and more displacing bread. That proportion which thirty years ago the richer classes in this country alone could afford to spend on other articles of household consumption than bread, is being rapidly reached by the working class. Our agriculture must adapt itself to the change, freely accepting the good it brings, and skilfully using the advantages which greater proximity to the best market must always command."

RENTALS.—The rentals of grass land appear to be increasing upon those of last year. A few days ago the Nettlecombe lands in Somerset were let for 85/- against 63/- last year, allowing for one meadow then unlet; at Stonehaven the nice grass parks have been let at an increase of 30 per cent.; at Laurencekirk, the rents over all the green parks of Monboddo were 50 per cent. above those of last year. In the Lowlands, the well-known lands of Annandale have been let at an average of 24/- per acre against 22s. 3d., the average last year, whilst Highland lettings show a still larger increase. Against these improvements must be set continued depression in the value of corn land. A large farm in Dorsetshire, recently let at over 800/- a year, has just been relet at 600/- only.

ARCHERY.—The prospects of the opening season are unusually promising. The first great event will be the Leamington Meeting on the 23rd and 24th June, after which the ladies' day at the Royal Toxophilite Society will attract attention. The Crystal Palace Meeting will commence on the 1st July, and the Thirty-seventh Annual Grand Meeting is fixed for the 28th, 29th, and 30th July at Shrewsbury.

BUTTER.—It is to be noted that while American butter is steadily improving in proportionate value, both Irish and West of England butter are falling in repute. Brittany butter is not so much regarded as it once was, but Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Aylesbury keep up to their old high standard. The demand for bosh and oleomargarine is steadily on the increase. Bosh consists of one third pure butter and two thirds lard, while oleomargarine is totally unknown to the dairy and the farm.

SHEEP.—At the monthly meeting of the Teviotdale Farmers' Club the average prices of turnips per sheep per week for the past season were struck as follows:—Cheviot ewes, 9d.; Cheviot hoggs, 6d., as compared with 6d. and 4d. respectively last year.

CATTLE.—The date of calving of Galloway cattle, exhibited at shows in Scotland, will be as from on and after the 1st of January of each year.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' WAGES.—We regret to learn that in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Shropshire, and Dorsetshire the depression in farming, and the fearful losses of farmers through sheep disease, have caused a fall in labourers' wages below what we consider the limits of decency, sufficient clothing, food, and shelter. What can the agricultural labourer do on 10s., 11s., 12s., or even 13s. per week? And between 10s. and 13s. is the present range of wages in the purely agricultural districts of the counties above mentioned.

FRUIT CULTURE.—The great profits made in good years by fruit-growers should lead to an extension of fruit-growing by farmers. The great strawberry grounds of Blair Gowrie, Scotland, realise 40/- per acre in a good, and up to 60/- per acre in a very good year. Even the average is as high as 25/- per acre. The cherry orchards of Kent yield up to 80/- per acre; but almost utter loss not unfrequently follows in another year. At Evesham plum orchards yield about the same, and are rather less uncertain than cherries. At Calcot, near Reading, Mr. Webb's orchard yields as much as 320/- yearly an acre of cob-nuts, and other fruiters' purchases pay extremely well. The strawberry grounds of West Kent are, on the average, more profitable than the corn fields, or even the grazing land.

GARDENING AND GARDENIAS.—At Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire, at the end of April, a large bed of gardenias presented a sight of beauty almost unparalleled in floriculture. About 1,000 blooms were out at once, and the thirty-six plants bore altogether 8,000 blooms. The lovely scent of these flowers made the air delightful for many yards all round. This scent is not overpowering, as is for instance that of many hyacinths, but of a remarkable sweetness and delicacy, recalling that of the English narcissus more closely than usually do flowers the scent of an entirely different botanical order. The leaves of the gardenia are very fine, the deep rich green showing up the cream-white blossoms, and making a perfection of contrast.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The Annual General Meeting is fixed for the 16th of June, at Willis's Rooms. Seventy-three pensioners are to be elected, ten men at 26/- per annum, fourteen married couples at 40/- and thirty-five women at 20/- each. There is a large list of candidates. Soldiers and sailors are well provided for after long service. It is well; but immediately after the claims of those who defend the land, come the claims of those who till it. These men toil from boyhood to old age, yet after forty years' honourable industry may be overwhelmed in the unforeseen disaster of such a year as 1879, when *every crop was deficient*. The State at present possesses no organisation for aiding the veterans of the ploughshare, but private charity can do much, and will we hope do even more than it has yet done towards remedying an omission of so much importance.

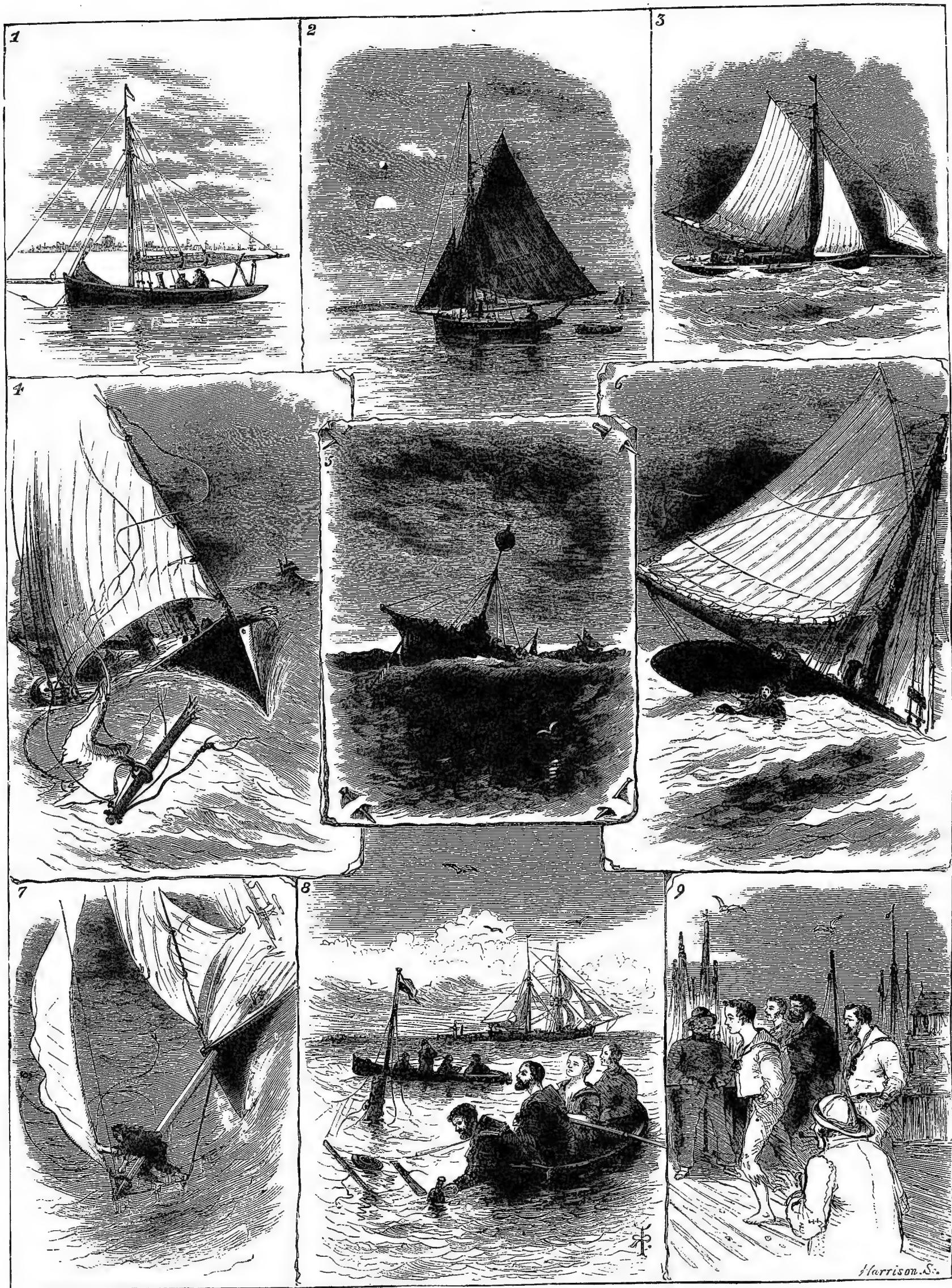
A PUZZLING ADVERTISEMENT.—It is generally supposed that nothing but practical and business-seeking matter is to be found in the advertising columns of newspapers. Occasionally there may appear spasmodic gushings which apparently suggest a clue to a

romance of real life, but probably if the thread followed the result would be disappointing. "Why hesitate? It is but a little leap. Notched tree, Regent's Park, at seven.—Impatient Darling," may at first reading suggest love and elopement, or, what may be worse still, suicide in the Serpentine. Traced to its origin, however, the mysterious words may apply simply to a transaction in pig iron, or convey to Detective-Sergeant Nipper the time and place where Bill Bludgeon, who is "wanted" for manslaughter, may be pounced on. But advertisements of another character now and again crop up defying the speculations of the shrewdest guessers. Such an one appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of a few days since. "Pets.—A gentleman in affliction desires to treat for a hare, a Welsh lamb with dark eyes, or any other beautiful and inoffensive quadruped of small size.—Apply," &c., &c. There are riddles the key to which may be successfully sought between the lines, or by putting this and that together, as the saying is, but ordinary ingenuity is not equal to the conundrum in question. Grant that the gentleman's affliction is mental, and that he escaped temporarily from his keeper to lodge his tender plaint in Peterborough Court, and all interest in the advertisement ceases. The hankering after a "hare" would seem to point in this melancholy direction, but why couple it with "Welsh lamb with dark eyes"? If not lunacy, is it love? Has the advertising gentleman been recently in Wales, and has some sweet Jenny Jones or Maid of Llanguollen won his heart and wasted it? In the language of metaphor she may be his "dark-eyed lamb"; but the poetry of the thing is spoilt when, by implication, he styles her an "inoffensive quadruped." Then, again, having fixed his heart on a hare and a lamb (this is suggestive of the sign of a public-house), why does he affect perfect indifference to those creatures by intimating that any other animal of small size—provided it is "beautiful and inoffensive"—will serve to console him equally well? We give it up.

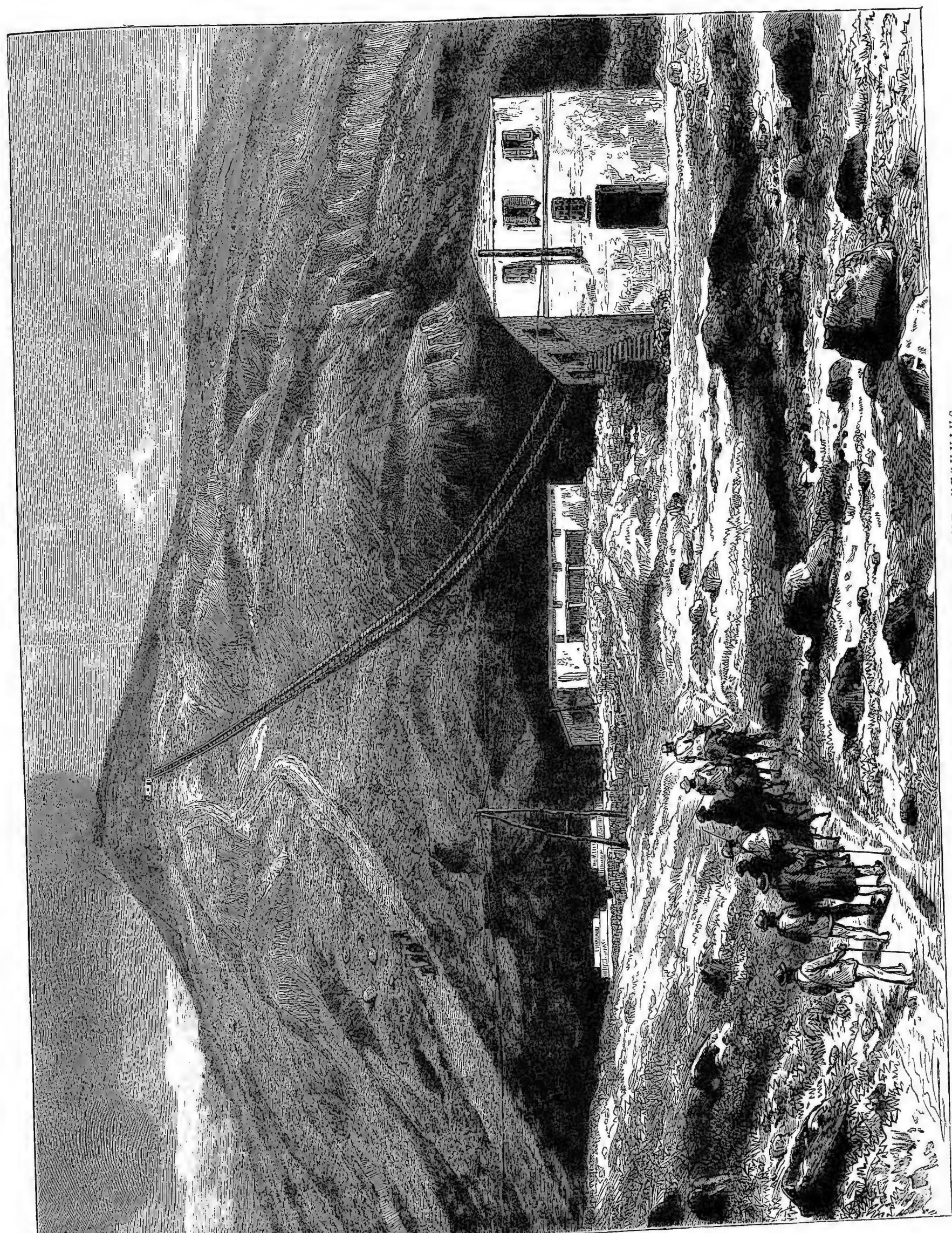
THE DISCONTENTED ZULU.—The very last thing to be expected in connection with our little difficulty with the savage subjects of King Cetewayo was that any number, great or small, of Zulus would make their appearance in this country, if not for the purpose of making war against us, ready and willing, under real or imaginary provocation, to give us a taste of their quality as fighting men. At the present time a South African warrior, assuming that his sentence of imprisonment with hard labour is strictly carried out, is exercising his barbarian limbs on the treadmill, or meditating in solitude on the advantages of civilisation, as he shreds the tarry strands of ship's cable in the production of oakum. The dauntless spirit of the noble savage did not fail him when he found himself a captive in the strong hands of the law. Had he been possessed of an assegai, he no doubt would have done his best to spit his gaoler through. Unarmed, except for his boots, he slipped one off his foot, and belaboured the turnkey and a policeman over the head with the heel of it. Under the circumstances the ferocious Zulu was let down easy with a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment. But the more serious part of the matter is, What will he do when he is released, and at liberty to follow the dictates of his benighted mind? Some one seems to have made a mess of these Zulu shows, and it is to be regretted that they were ever attempted. It is all very well to induce a company of poor ignorant creatures to cross the ocean for exhibition purposes, and for the individual who contracts for their services to style them his own, just as though they were performing dogs or monkeys, but it becomes awkward for all parties concerned, and especially for the British public, should the contracting parties fall out, and the untamed black men be turned adrift. It is not the first time such an unpleasantness has happened. Some fifteen years since a professional showman brought some Kaffirs to London, and, for some reason or other, the troupe was disbanded. One friendless Kaffir found his way to Highgate Wood, and when discovered, he had made for himself a hut of boughs, and had taken a sheep from a neighbouring meadow, and cooked and partly consumed it. He appeared to be quite comfortable, and probably would have got on very well if they had let him alone. They sent him to prison, however, and when he was liberated nothing was heard of him for some time, and then his unfortunate body was found on a railway line lifeless and mutilated. It is to be hoped that a fate less terrible is in store for the "discontented Zulus."

THE PIGS OF CHICAGO.—At the present time, when the British cheesemonger is patriotically championing the cause of English bacon by charging a shilling a pound for the primer parts of the Wiltshire animal properly cured, it is interesting and profitable as well to learn that any quantity of States' raised hog-meat can be placed in our markets at a price which consigns it to the retailers' hands at about threepence halfpenny a pound. An article in *The Times*, treating of pork and bacon, informs us that the hogs of the United States muster thirty-five millions, or nine times the number enumerated in the United Kingdom, and that the total annual hog products turned out by American "packers" exceed twenty-five million hundredweight. In Chicago alone the three principal bacon-houses divide amongst them 2,500,000 yearly, and of this number one firm, Messrs. Armour and Co., handle annually 1,000,000. The writer of the account, who would seem to be an unprejudiced witness, confesses that American bacon cannot compare with English first qualities, and attributes the difference in part to the fact that the Yankee porker is fed on corn up to the day of its death, instead of being "finished off" with a few final meals of barley, &c. The consequence is that the meat evinces ungenerous tendencies when it is cooked, and has a habit of shrinking before the fiery ordeal in a way that excites against it the prejudice of the economical housewife. The causes assigned for this falling off may to some extent be the correct ones, but there are others that may well be supposed to tend to the sum total of the American pig's disqualifications. The English animal, as has been repeatedly shown, is by no means such a fool as it looks. It may not be capable of a high degree of culture, but it may be taught to go through certain performances it could never achieve were it not possessed of a fair average intelligence. It is only fair then to assume that when it arrives at the fatal change of diet—when the ominous barley-meal, in place of the familiar "wash," appears in its trough, it knows what it portends, and, dissolved in melancholy, its stubborn nature is melted; the tenderest points of its character are appealed to, with a corresponding effect on its corporeal parts. In meek resignation it departs this life, and it cuts up mellow. How different the demise of the hapless grunter whose career terminates at Chicago! Without an hour's notice, after a hearty corn breakfast, he is beguiled into the slaughter yard, machinery catches him by a hind leg, he is hauled up head downward, and before he can gather breath for a shriek, he is whisked into Bacon-land. A merry pig at one minute to twelve, at two minutes past it is soaking in scalding water, at five minutes past it has passed the steam "scraper," and is as smooth as a baby. At a quarter past ten they have begun to baconise it. Who can wonder if such a creature should prove tough eating? Cut off in the midst of lusty life, its flesh is heir to the obstinacy of its nature, and it takes a ghostly vengeance in ministering to indigestion.

THE CROWN OF HUNGARY is greatly revered by the Magyars, who believe that the inner portion forms part of the original crown presented to the first King of Hungary, St. Stephen, by Pope Sylvester II., in 1,000 A.D. The Regalia are kept in a chest fastened by eight seals with the Royal Seal in the centre, which can only be undone by those who affixed them, the whole being in charge of some of the highest dignitaries of the Empire, who have a special body-guard for further safety. The Crown has now been photographed and sketched for the first time in its existence.



1. Ready to Start: Expectation.—2. Under Weigh: Hope.—3. "Feeling It :" Realisation.—4. "Short off by the Nose."—5. The Mouse Light."—6. Overboard but Saved."—7. Plunging.—8. Alas! "The Last of Her."—9. The Happy Return.





MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD has done for Portugal what Ford did for Spain; he has made the country interesting. And even those who have read the rough drafts of his "Portugal, Old and New" (Kegan Paul) in the *New Quarterly* and elsewhere, will be pleased to read them again in their new form. The book is thorough as well as lively. The rise of Portugal and the story of her first King, the heroic Afonso Henriquez, are little known to the English reader; very few, for instance, are aware that Afonso was able to capture the Moorish stronghold of Lisbon by the help of a body of Crusaders who sailed from Dartmouth, and of whom the greater part were English. Still fewer of us know anything about Portuguese land tenures; communal tenure still existing in the wilder lands which offered no temptation to neighbouring noble or churchman; and a sort of copyhold, to which lawyers pedlars applied the old name *emphyteusis*, accounting for the great prosperity of the yeomen of the Minho provinces. In spite of merciless fines and heriots, only recently abolished, these copyholders have thriven, thanks to American gold which drew the upper classes into the towns and weaned them from country life, and to the introduction of maize, of which, with manure of sea-weed and small crabs, the land bears splendid crops year after year for a century. Mr. Crawford is a Portuguese farmer, and speaks with authority; and the way he quizzes a philosophic German bagman who was angry at not being able to sell patent farm-implements is delicious. So is his account of a day's sport; the end of which is not to make a good bag, but to have a lot of fun. On port-wine there is an excellent chapter, proving, for the comfort of the orthodox, that cheap claret is dear, and that "in port you have as nearly natural and as concentrated a form of fermented grape-juice as possible." It is startling to read of horses drinking wine; and, such being the case, we can well believe that port, where it is made, is too cheap to adulterate. At "the lost city of Cittania" and Troia near Setubal Mr. Crawford caters for the archaeologists.

Few clergymen could have ventured to do what Mr. Haweis did in his "Sunday Evenings for the People," and few congregations could have followed such thoughtful essays as those which he now publishes under the title of "Poets in the Pulpit" (Sampson Low and Co.). We cannot see why the poets should be more objectionable at St. James's, Marylebone, than the great Anglican divines at St. James's, Piccadilly. There is not the same need for dogmatic preaching now that there was in earlier times; the grand thing is that (as Mr. Haweis says) "preachers should learn to press all that is good into the service of God." The poet is in some sort a prophet, and *vice versa*; and "by studying our poets, we are mastering the springs of contemporary life." Limited, as he says, to poetry of a more or less edifying character, Mr. Haweis manages, in his last address on "The Golden Treasury," to quote Herrick, a not very edifying poet in spite of his "Daffodils"; but Longfellow, he thinks, has gained the widest popularity, and because of the depth of his natural religion, and his firm grasp of things unseen, he specially recommends him "to this busy, hurrying, striving age." We are glad that he gives three addresses on Tennyson, choosing "St. Simeon" and "St. Agnes," as showing the mischief of soul severed from body and mind, "The Palace of Art," in which mind by itself goes wrong, and "The Vision of Sin," which traces the degradation of body unsweetened by soul or mind. His notice of Browning is confined to one poem; and that, we take it, must have been more than enough for most of his hearers. The book is an elegantly got up collection of thoughtful essays on some of our best poets; and we think country parsons would find it more suggestive than half-a-dozen volumes of sermons. Still, even the simplest of the addresses would need a good deal of simplifying before it was fit to put before an ordinary congregation.

The Rev. C. W. Bardsley's "Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature" (Chatto and Windus) does more than fulfil the promise of its title. Besides showing that Scott did not exaggerate, but that his mistake was in not placing the quaint names early enough, names like "Safe on Highe" (boy), "Sin-denie" (girl), "Much-mercerey" (boy), occurring as early as 1587, Mr. Bardsley gives a delightful prelude on the pet-name epoch, pet names being almost a necessity after the Norman Conquest had killed out the rich crop of English, and substituted a strangely few Bible and Saint and Norman names. Then comes what he calls "the Hebrew Invasion," an account of the sudden and marvellous change which followed the publication of the Geneva Bible, when the Scriptures were so ransacked that children were even christened Tamar and Antipas and Barabbas, and one father chose to call his son Judas-not-Iscariot. Many of our surnames are old pet-names; Hopkins is Robert, Tonkin Antony, Larkin Laurence, Tippett Tebbutt, and the other forms are Tibbot from Tibbe, *i.e.*, Theobald. One of the latest of the Puritan names is Miss Be-thankfull Giles, christened in 1662. The Restoration did not restore many of the old favourites; Parnell, for instance, *i.e.*, Petronilla. Olive was killed out by the Puritans to revive as Olivia a century later. Doll and Dorothy—prime favourites from 1450 to 1570—almost disappeared for two hundred years, and then came again into high favour. Jane, we are sorry to hear, is going the way of Joan. Throughout, the book is full of interest; in fact, it is just the thorough and scholarly work we should expect from the author of "Our English Surnames."

The illustrations in the "Great Artists" series improve slowly. The last volume, "Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche" (Sampson Low and Co.), ambitiously adds to the usual number of engravings a folding sketch of Delaroche's great encaustic in the hemicycle of the Beaux Arts. Mr. Runtz Rees is happy in his subjects; for most of us know less and would like to know more of great modern French painters than we do of the Old Masters. Both Vernet and his son-in-law were eminently loveable men,—strangely unlike in face as in style, Vernet almost of the Don Quixote style, Delaroche not unlike the first Napoleon. No one who wants thoroughly to enjoy the Louvre should fail to read Mr. Rees. His estimates are we think, very fair. Delaroche was no genius, but he had that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which some identify with it. Vernet was beaten by somebody in every style, by Flandrin in Scripture pieces, by Ingres in the nude, by Gérard in historical subjects, but he truly said of himself, "I surpass them on the whole." As a caricaturist he is little known in England; we are glad this volume contains some of his comic sketches. For more of them we could gladly have spared some of the ponderous Delaroches, especially that melancholy display of feebleness "Charles I. with Cromwell's Soldiers." The anecdotes of Vernet's kindness of heart are grouped at the end of his life; David, who refused to save his aunt from the guillotine, was the one human creature whom he hated—fortunately for Art, for his hatred kept him from imitating David's style. He was, most of us know, son of a painter whose father and grandfather were painters.

The Blundells of Little Crosby, like their neighbours, the Molyneux of Setton, date from a time when Liverpool, whose villas now cover what is still called Blundell Sands, had no existence; and, despite the high-handed violence of the said Molyneux in Henry the Eighth's time, and much persecution under the penal laws, they still hold their ground; for "A Cavalier's Note-book, being Notes, Anecdotes, and Observations of Wm. Blundell of Crosby" (Longmans), is dedicated to Nicholas Blundell of Crosby, J.P. Wm.

Blundell was captain of Dragoons in the King's Army of 1642. Early marriage was laid on him as a duty; for his father being dead, his grandfather wished to make a fresh disposition of the estate lest the Crown should step in and assert its right to two-thirds of the land. At fifteen, therefore, young Blundell successfully courted the daughter of Sir Thomas Haggerston. Years after, he writes:—"You will remember what a pretty, straight young thing, all dashing in scarlet, I came to Haggerston. They said 'twas great pity no guile like man should go to the wars to be knocked o' the head." Sensible he was, too, and sober-minded. One is astonished to find a Roman Catholic speaking of the mischief of many Church holidays; he reckons the loss per day to four million people, each earning sixpence a day, and contrasts the state of France and Flanders with Spain and "the lazy old Irish." He says: better discredit a hundred true miracles than spread one false one. This does not hinder his believing in prodigies, as the bleeding of the cheeses made on the altar which Lord Scudamore took from Abbey Dore. Some of his notes on farming are interesting; and it is amusing to find that of his hair and baldness were battled against by the Romanist squires of Lancashire, and that recipes against both were handed about as freely as advertisements are nowadays. Against that "bashfulness" which cannot say "no" to a bad associate, or send for a good physician or lawyer because a worse is among one's friends, he gives good advice. He mentions Blundell of Tiverton among the famous men of the name. Mr. Ellison deserves credit for carefully editing the Note-book, and prefacing it with an admirable account of the man and his times.

Mr. John Hollingshead's "Plain English" (Chatto and Windus) is about the stage, of which he, naturally, knows a good deal. A good piece, he thinks, is one that pays; and why it pays is often unaccountable. "Nurse your run, therefore," is his advice to managers; especially now that "actors who ask the salary of an Under-Secretary of State, and whose chief merit may be their ability to act as clothes-horses, are drilled by machinery, and, instead of having a repertory of twenty parts, need six months' rehearsal for anything new." He objects to the Church and Stage Guild, calls it an impertinence, and retorts by asking "by what right do you call yourselves the Church? We are the Stage, for there's no other; but of you there are half-a-dozen." He also objects to State subvention, and to the Lord Chamberlain's licensings. Let us hope that if *The Wicked World* is revived it will not, this time, be interfered with. Mr. Bancroft, he thinks, was quite right in abolishing the Haymarket pit. On the whole he is amusing, because (as when he talks of phlegmatic Frenchmen and excitable Englishmen) he so often runs counter to the notions of us ignorant outsiders.

Dr. W. H. Corfield gave a series of lectures at the Society of Arts, under the auspices of the Trades' Guild of Learning and the National Health Society. They are published as "Health" (Kegan Paul and Co.), and deal with general anatomy, physiology, the health of the individual, the air, food and drink, drinking water, houses and towns, &c. The subjects speak for themselves; and the way of treating them is admirably suited to awaken interest in the "layman's" mind. The lecture on small-pox, for instance, can scarcely fail to convince the stubborn anti-vaccinationist. "Measles and whooping-cough are well got over early," say the nurses. "No," says Dr. Corfield, "much better never to have them at all; and you need not." You may safely ventilate your room, and avoid the cold rush from a ceiling ventilator, by putting a three-inch strip of wood along the sill to prevent the lower sash from coming quite down; and you may avoid the heart disease which so often follows rheumatic fever, by giving the patient no sheets. On the evils of drains, and waste pipes, and return foul air, Dr. Corfield has many valuable remarks; let those who read about his sanitary apparatus go and study it in the Parkes Museum of Hygiene in University College. He holds with the French that epidemics are occasionally spread by flies; and of all lands (he says) avoid marshes, for they are the home of plague, fever, and cholera. This kind of popular lecture is due in part to Canon Kingsley, who long ago at Chester, and afterwards in "Health and Education," urged that "the people" should be taught something about these matters. They could hardly have a better teacher than Dr. Corfield.

"The Secret of a Good Memory," by J. Mortimer Granville (David Bogue).—The secret is not much of a one—when you know it. Dr. Granville simply advises those who want to obtain a good memory, or to strengthen that which they already possess, to set about the business with vigour and assiduity, just as if they were trying for a rise of salary or anything else beneficial. There are some good, sound, common-sense directions in this little book, by following which, and with perseverance, some of us might soon cease to be as forgetful as we are.

"Roughing It in Van Diemen's Land" and "The Adventures of Harry Delane," by Edward Howe (Strahan and Co.), are two capital stories for boys who are still boys. The first gives an interesting picture of early Colonist life, which may have attractions even for older readers.

Dedicated "to the memory of a beloved sister and brother," "Brenda's" charming little volume, "Fyne's Flower" (Hatchards), is in a sense, beyond criticism. We can say, however, that it is one of the simplest, yet most delightful child stories we have met, and there is a grace and delicacy in the telling of it which must win every reader's praise.

Chief in interest amongst new editions perhaps will rank Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story" and "Nature and Art" (De la Rue and Co.). A novel must possess more than ordinary attraction to remain before the public for over fifty years; and though Mrs. Inchbald's workmanship may not be equal to that of our best modern novelists, her stories are undeniably powerful in conception of plot and in the delineation of character. Indeed, in these respects they will compare more favourably with the great mass of the novels of to-day; and, in spite of changed customs and modes of thought, the fiction-feeding public will find in them much to attract, and (unless they are very old hands indeed) even to absorb. Beyond this, however, they are interesting to the student, as affording striking pictures of the men and manners of a bygone time. Mr. W. Bell Scott has contributed a somewhat scanty and hurried memoir of the authoress—a remarkable and very clever woman.

As much praise cannot be awarded to "Lord Maskelyne's Daughter," by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (James Weir). From the preface to this, "the author's edition," she appears to be very much enamoured of her own works, and of the writers of complimentary newspaper notices of them in bygone days.

We have received the fourth edition of "My Lady Green Sleeves," by Helen Mathers; a new edition of "A Golden Sorrow," by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (S. Low and Co.); and a cheap and revised edition of "Convict Life," by A. Ticket-of-Leave Man (Wyman and Sons), a book which all should read.

THE INDIAN SECTION OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

ON October 25th last the India Museum at South Kensington was closed to the public in consequence of a decision by the Council of India that the maintenance of such an institution was not a fair charge on the revenues of India. The specimens of vegetable products were shortly afterwards transferred to Kew, while the animal and mineral products and the ancient sculptures were handed over to the Trustees of the British Museum. At the same time the

extensive collections illustrative of the arts and manufactures of India were made over to the Science and Art Department, on the understanding that that department should properly arrange and catalogue them, and maintain them as an Indian Section of their Museum at South Kensington. During the past six months the officials of the South Kensington Museum have been busily engaged in arranging and preparing a preliminary inventory of the materials handed over to their charge; and some idea of the magnitude of their task may be formed when it is stated that the collection includes about 20,000 objects, many of which, owing to the numerous changes of abode which the Museum has had to suffer, and the uncertainty of the fate which has for years been hanging over it, had never previously been catalogued.

The result of these labours was evident on the 14th inst., when the Queen and the Prince of Wales both inspected the collection, and expressed their entire approval of the new arrangements; on Saturday, the 15th, a numerous body of visitors, specially interested in India, were invited to a private view of the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum, as the India Museum will henceforth be styled; and on Whit-Monday it was thrown open to the public.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.M.G., and Mr. R. A. Thompson are, indeed, to be congratulated on the transformation they have effected in so short a period, with the assistance of Mr. C. Purdon Clarke and their well-trained staff. To Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I., visitors are indebted for the aid afforded them by the copiously illustrated "Handbook to the Industrial Arts of India" which he has written, and which is a perfect epitome of erudite and useful information.

One of our illustrations shows the "Armoury" as now arranged, the arms being arranged around the walls in accordance with an ethnological grouping as suggested by the Hon. W. Egerton in his lately published "Illustrated Handbook of Indian Arms"; while the central space is occupied by several large objects which have been lent from Her Majesty's Collection at Windsor, such as a palanquin, an elephant howda overlaid with plates of silver, a small bullock carriage, and a couple of small but highly-ornamented cannon, taken from Tippoo Sultan at Seringapatam.

In our other illustration we show a few of the most interesting objects in the collection. The gold throne formerly belonging to Ranjeet Singh has its framework made of wood, but is entirely covered with plates of beaten gold; it is of a pure Hindu form, which is considered to have been originally suggested by placing one lotus flower on the back of another. Of the weapons illustrated, the "wagh'nak" or "tiger-claws" is a small weapon which is worn concealed in the hand, and this particular specimen is interesting as being stated to be the identical one with which Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta Empire, killed his enemy, Afzul Khan, in the year 1659; the various swords and axes illustrated are all noted either for their peculiar forms, or for the histories attached to them; while Tippoo Sultan's quilted helmet forms part of a suit of armour which was considered to render the wearer absolutely invulnerable, as it had been dipped in the holy water of the fountain of Zum-Zum at Mecca. Armour of this description was formerly much worn by the warriors of the Deccan, who found that the numerous folds of quilted cotton effectually resisted sabre cuts.

The golden relic caskets containing calcined human bones—supposed to be those of a Burmese princess—were found by some labourers, when engaged in levelling a Buddhist temple at Rangoon in 1859. Tippoo Sultan's tiger used to be one of the great attractions to visitors to the old Museum at the East India House; it is an almost life-sized figure of a tiger devouring a prostrate European soldier; an organ with very unmelodious notes is contained in the body of the tiger, and, on turning a handle, the sounds produced are supposed to represent the cries of a man in distress, accompanied by the roaring of a tiger. Tippoo is said to have often amused himself by listening to this rude music, and gloating over the emblematical representation of his hoped-for triumph over his European enemies. The tiger, as well as the "tiger claws," are drawn to a different scale from that of the other objects illustrated.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The Right Hon. FRANCIS GEORGE, VISCOUNT BARING, M.P. for Winchester (Liberal), is the eldest son of the Earl of Northbrook. He was born at Florence in 1850, educated at Eton, entered the army in 1870, as ensign in the Rifle Brigade, and is now a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. From 1873 to 1876 he was aide-de-camp to his father while Viceroy of India.

JOHN BRINTON, Esq., M.P. for Kidderminster (Liberal), is the third son of the late Mr. Henry Brinton of that town. He was born in 1827, educated privately, and is a large employer of labour as a carpet manufacturer at Kidderminster. He is a magistrate for that borough, and for the county of Worcester, a member of the local School Board, and Chairman of the School of Arts Committee, and of the Manufacturers' Association, and was awarded the Legion of Honour for his services in connection with the Paris International Exhibition of 1878.

JOSEPH WILLIAM CHITTY, Esq., Q.C., M.P. for Oxford (Liberal), is the second and only surviving son of the late Mr. Thomas Chitty, of the Inner Temple, well known as a Special Pleader, and the author of "Forms of Proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer," &c. Mr. Chitty was born in 1828, educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1856, and in 1874 was made a Queen's Counsel, and became a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Chitty was for some time a Major in the Inns of Court Volunteers, and he has for many years officiated as umpire at the University Boat Race.

SIR WILLIAM HOVELL BROWNE FFOLKES, M.P. for King's Lynn (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. M. W. Browne Ffolfkes, and grandson of the late Sir W. J. B. Ffolfkes, some time M.P. for West Norfolk. He was born in 1847, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, is a Captain in the West Norfolk Militia, and was nominated High Sheriff of Norfolk in 1876.

JOSEPH F. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, Esq., M.P. for Chelsea (Liberal), is descended from an ancient Quaker family of Yorkshire. He was born in 1842, educated at the University of London, and called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1866, when he joined the North-Eastern Circuit. He is a member of the London School Board and of the Committee of the Liberation Society, and is the author of a treatise on the Municipal Government of London.

RICHARD FORT, Esq., M.P. for Clitheroe (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. R. Fort, M.P. He was born in 1856, educated at Eton and Oxford, and after passing through the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1878 he joined the 11th Hussars, in which regiment he is now a lieutenant.

HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER, Esq., M.P. for Wolverhampton (Liberal), is the youngest son of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, Wesleyan minister. He was born in 1830, educated at Woodhouse Grove School, near Leeds, and at St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark, and in 1855 commenced practice as a solicitor at Leeds, of which borough he is an alderman, and has been mayor (1863). He is a member of the firms of Carver, Fowler, and Langley, solicitors, Wolverhampton, and Fowler and Perks, solicitors, Leadenhall Street, London.

FREDERICK ANDREW INDERWICK, Esq., M.P. for Rye (Liberal), is the only son of the late Andrew Inderwick, Esq., R.N. He was born in 1836, educated at Brighton and Cambridge, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1858. He became a Queen's Counsel,

and was elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1874. He has made two previous attempts to obtain a seat in Parliament (at Cirencester in 1868, and at Dover in 1874); but was unsuccessful on both occasions.

WILLIAM LAVIES JACKSON, Esq., M.P. for Leeds (Conservative), is the eldest son of the late Mr. William Jackson of Leeds. He was born in 1840, educated privately, and is now in business as a leather manufacturer at Leeds, where he is a magistrate, a Town Councillor, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and Chairman of the local Conservative Association. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the borough in 1876, and now enters Parliament for the first time.

The Hon. GILBERT HENRY CHANDOS LEIGH, M.P. for South Warwickshire (Liberal), who now enters Parliament for the first time, is the eldest son of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh. He was born in 1851, and educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He is a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Warwickshire; and a Captain in the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

PETER STEWART MACLIVER, Esq., M.P. for Plymouth (Liberal), is son of Mr. David Macliver, of Islay, N.B. He was born at Edinburgh in 1820, educated at Glasgow High School and Edinburgh, and is a journalist by profession, being proprietor of the first-established daily paper in the Western counties (the *Western Daily Press*) published at Bristol.

HENRY STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Esq., M.P. for Exeter (Conservative), is the second son of Sir Stafford Northcote, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was born in 1846, educated at Eton and Oxford, and was subsequently a clerk in the Foreign Office. In 1871 he was attached to the Joint High Commission appointed to consider various questions between this country and the United States, and was afterwards Secretary to the Commission in negotiating the Treaty of Washington. He was attached as Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury's Special Embassy to Constantinople in 1876, and more recently he has served as Private Secretary to his father, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THOMAS ROBINSON, Esq., M.P. for Gloucester (Liberal), was born in 1820, and is in business as a corn merchant at Gloucester, of which city he is an alderman and magistrate, and has been mayor four times.

CHARLES SCHREIBER, Esq., M.P. for Poole (Conservative), is a son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Schreiber. He was born in 1826, educated at Cheltenham and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he is now a Fellow. In 1855 he married Lady Charlotte Elizabeth, widow of Sir Josiah John Guest, Bart., M.P., and daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsay; and from 1865 to 1868 he sat in Parliament for Cheltenham.

HENRY THOMSON, Esq., M.P. for Newry (Conservative), is the eldest son of the late Sir Henry Thomson, of Newry. He was born in 1840, educated at Parkgate, Cheshire, and is in business as a wine merchant at Newry. He is a Justice of the Peace for the Counties of Armagh and Downshire.

EDWARD BRYDGES WILLYAMS, Esq., M.P. for Truro (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Humphry Willyams, of Carnanton, Cornwall, formerly M.P. for Truro. He was born in 1836, and educated at Oxford. He is magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Cornwall, and Deputy-Warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall and Devon. He sat in Parliament for Truro from 1858 to 1861, and for East Cornwall from 1868 to 1874.

Our portraits are from photographs. Lord Baring and Messrs. Schreiber, Northcote, Firth, and Williams, by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside, E.C.; Mr. Chitty by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Fort by Alex. Bassano, 72, Piccadilly, W.; Mr. Macliver by Heath and Bullingham, 24, George Street, Plymouth; Mr. Fowler by Appleton and Co., Bradford; Mr. Jackson by J. W. Ramsden, 21, Park Lane, Leeds; Mr. Robinson by W. Gillard, Gloucester; Mr. Brinton by H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. Inderwick by W. Hudson, Hastings; Mr. Thomson and the Hon. G. H. C. Leigh by R. L. Graham, Leamington; and Sir W. Folkes by F. Vianelli, Venice.

THE SHETLAND ISLANDS

THIS group of islands, the most northern territory within the limits of the United Kingdom, consists of about a hundred islands, twenty-three of which are inhabited. Mainland, the chief of the group, is larger than all the others put together. The total population is upwards of 30,000, with a considerable excess of females. The principal articles of export are dried salt fish, herrings, fish-oil, cattle, horses, eggs, and woollen articles knitted by hand. These last are remarkable for their beauty and fineness of workmanship. The ponies are noted for their diminutive size, and many of them are exported for the purpose of being used in coal mines. Chromate of iron is an important article of export from Unst, the most northerly of the islands. The male population are chiefly employed in the local fisheries, or in whaling voyages to Greenland. They are much liked as seamen, being intelligent, sober, and sedate. The Shetlanders, with the exception of the lairds and sheep farmers, are of Norse origin, fair hair and blue eyes are common, and their speech still includes many peculiar words of Norse origin. The climate is moist, the changes from wet to fine weather are sudden, but the temperature throughout the year is very equable. The mean summer heat is only 49°, while the mean winter heat is 40°, considerably milder than that of south-eastern England, which is nearly ten degrees nearer the equator.

One of our engravings represents the Bressay Lighthouse, underneath which is a large natural archway; and in the mighty cliff of the Bard of Bressay there is a famous cave, the mouth of which is large enough to admit a pleasure-boat with the sail up. The entire dimensions of the cave have never been fully explored. From the roof hang quantities of stalactites.

At the extreme point of the Bard the action of the water has hollowed out a high narrow archway, so that the rock rears its mighty head against the parent rock like a huge buttress. This gigantic pillar has received the name of the Giant's Leg, from a tradition that a giant once strode from Shetland to Orkney, and left his leg behind him.

Sailing to the north-east the visitor comes to the Holm of Noss, a small island, 160 feet high, precipitous at the sides with a flat top, covered with grass. Separating the Holm from the island of Noss is a fissure sixty-five feet wide. The top of the Holm was until lately reached by fowlers in quest of gull's eggs by means of a railway of rope, on which ran a cradle. Sheep were also conveyed to the top of the Holm in this manner.

Scalloway, although now distanced in the race by Lerwick, was anciently the capital of Shetland. There is a ruined castle here, built in the year 1600, by the notorious Earl Patrick Stewart. A ring is still existing on one of the chimneys, on which he executed his victims by hanging. Gallow Hill was the place of execution by fire for those condemned for sorcery and witchcraft. The last recorded victims were Barbara Tulloch and her daughter in the beginning of the last century.

For the last eight years the number of tourists to these parts from the South, especially from England, has been increasing from a few scores to several thousands during the summer. The trip to a scorched Londoner is peculiarly refreshing, some preferring to go all the way by sea from the Thames. Other, again, with less time to spare, and preferring to spend it in Shetland rather than on the

route, go from Leith, whence the steamer starts twice a week for Lerwick during the summer, from May to October—a thirty-six hours' sail—touching at Aberdeen, Wick, and at Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands.

For wild rock scenery, boating, and fishing, the Shetland Isles are quite unequalled. When the tourist arrives in Lerwick he has the choice between two good hotels—the "Queen" and the "Zetland"—besides several lodgings, notably those of Mrs. Cooper, in Commercial Street; if he is so fortunate as to get a footing there. After seeing Lerwick—a very quaint old town, with those of its houses by the harbour built in the water—and spending a day or two yachting in the large beautiful harbour, noted as the third largest natural harbour in the world; also visiting the Isle of Bressay opposite; he must take his choice of "doing" the Islands first, or quietly living in Lerwick, and making thence the numerous excursions inland. If he will allow us to advise him, he will be guided by the weather; if the weather be fine, by all means take advantage of it and "do" the Islands.

A well-found little screw steamer starts from Lerwick Harbour twice a week at least for the "North Isles," finally landing at the most northerly Isle (Unst) in Her Majesty's dominions. There is no hotel there, but a capital lodging-house—Mrs. Hunter's—which tourists delight to talk of afterwards. If he chooses to stay a day or two here, he sees Unst and its wild marine neighbourhood, including—if he can get off to it—the Lighthouse, built on one of the high sugar-loaf rocks, called Muckle Flugga, in the sea. Two of the small islands here are rabbit warrens of the first water, should he be fond of the "shooting-iron"; though he may prefer to waste his energies in this direction with the large flocks of golden plover on the hills seen from Mrs. Hunter's windows.

Those fond of the rod find plenty of excellent trout-fishing in Unst. The trip to the "North Isles" culminates in Unst; the other parts of the journey being rather viewed from the steamer, for want of hotel accommodation, few tourists caring to land.

The trips upon the mainland are largely dependent on dry weather for creature comforts, on account of there being no hotel accommodation. There are, however, houses offering "refreshments for man and beast," well known to the drivers who take the tourist from Lerwick along the good modern roads made within the last few years. There are four distinct tours on the mainland, to be done in wheeled vehicles or on ponies:—

1. To the south, including Gulberwick Valley, Quarff, several quaint Shetland towns, Dunrossness, with the Lighthouse and the famous Fifteen Head—the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate."
2. To Scalloway and Tingwall Valley, where he may fish, if he remembers to ask leave before leaving Lerwick.
3. To what is called the West Side and Walls—the least interesting journey and the most arduous in Shetland—except to lovers of the rod.
4. To the north part of the Mainland, Hillswick, the Drongs, and other unsurpassed rock scenery.

Some tourists venture to the Isles called Foula, lying a score miles west of the mainland. The whole west coast of Foula is one great line of precipices about 1,200 feet high. Landing at Foula and getting off again are so difficult that few go there. The sea trips in sailing boats from Lerwick are numerous and highly interesting, and are taken *inter alia*.

Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Wilson, of Aberdeen, who have photographs of the whole of Shetland scenery in album form. Their photographs form a most delightful series of unique scenery of its kind.

CRUISE IN A TEN-TONNER ROUND THE "MOUSE"

FOR real enjoyment of sailing there is nothing like a ten-tonner manned by four good men really up to their work; they must have considerable experience however, and possess a thorough knowledge of the intricate channels at the mouth of the Thames to be fitted for the work. Presence of mind must ever be ready and at the helm, for the river sailing with a swinging tide, and a lull just as a breeze is most wanted, necessitates the use of all one's wits at the shortest notice. Again, the crowded state of the river is a great change from the old days when only sailing vessels were afloat on it. If steam launches are a modern innovation on the Upper Thames, surely outward-bound steamers are undesirable for yachting men in the Lower Thames. The best way therefore to get—may we say sea room?—is to keep low down either at Grays or Gravesend. The illustrations are taken from sketches of a cruise made last September. The old spelling books or primers give a description of how four naughty boys went to the water and one was drowned. Their names as recorded were Jones, Brown, and Robinson, &c. In this case of the ten-tonner the crew was composed of Brown and three friends, all good sailor men. Fortunately no one was quite drowned, but they all narrowly escaped, as our narrative will show. Only think of a fine September evening, calm with occasional light air, everything snug and ready on board, for the craft was well found. Soon they get under weigh, and drop down from Erith, passing Gravesend about seven o'clock in the evening. With their side lights burning brightly, they sailed on to Holehaven, when they dropped anchor about eleven o'clock. Whilst the port watch were below calmly sleeping, the starboard watch on deck, about eight bells in the morning watch, as the moon was still shining, quietly got under weigh, and as the east gradually illuminated, the wind began to freshen fast; by eight o'clock it blew half a gale. The Mouse Lighthouse was in sight, and the Maplin Beacon.

By this time they had struck their topmast and got a double reef in their mainsail, and put her about, rammed her up against wind and a heavy sea. Whether the craft was unaccustomed to this kind of forcing, or whether old age had begun to tell upon her constitution, somehow, she began to leak, so much so that two hands, the watch below, had to bale their hardest, whilst the other two hands worked on deck, and smart work that was. This occurred about twelve o'clock, noon. Immediately after this she touched a shoal, Brown went overboard, and the other hand on deck fortunately ran ast and seized him. Hardly was he on deck again before the jib sheet was carried away, and soon at the bowsprit end was the young hand, who succeeded in getting it back again after two good duckings, as he clung to the bowsprit end, for she was putting her nose well into it by this time. Down below the baling party had their hands full, for the water was gaining fast, and was over the cabin-floor. Another excitement on deck—the jib was blown out of the bolt ropes, and the bowsprit snapped short off just outside the nose, as she plunged heavily into each succeeding sea. By this time it was three o'clock. Southend was in sight, so they bore up for it as they best could, hoping to dropping anchor near the pier. They were, however, doomed never to go through that performance, for the tight little craft began to sink, and the only thing left to be done was to get into the dingey, and make for the pier if possible. The weather had hardly moderated at all, therefore four hands in the tiny nutshell brought the unhappy results of her filling also. Now comes the sad part of the story. This adventure had been seen and noticed from the Southend Pier, which runs out more than a mile from the shore. A large boat put off with three men in it, with what object do you suppose? To save the poor fellows in the dingey of course. It was so. But on what conditions, do you think? One can hardly believe it, but still it is a fact, that they demanded twenty pounds to land the four ship-

wrecked mariners, who said they would rather swim for it than encourage such sharks. Eventually one shark melted, and said they would land them for three pounds, and the hull of the sunken craft. This liberal offer was accepted, and carried out, and the last illustration shows the "Happy Return" along a mile and a quarter of pier, after a most enjoyable cruise in a ten-tonner round the Mouse Light at the mouth of the Thames.

In talking the cruise over after returning to town, the question of the conduct of the "Salvage Corps" was explained in the following way. The boatmen at Deal have a world-wide reputation for saving life before property, and invariably act upon that humane principle; these are real salts, but the situation of Southend is brackish, and neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. So let us forgive and forget their greed and want of sailor-like good heartedness.



THERE are few novel readers who have not derived some enjoyment from a perusal of the late Mr. Le Fanu's works. The pen was to him an inheritance derived from a close relationship with the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and ere the little urchin was breeched his sketches with pen and ink were the talk of his friends; as he grew older he grew bolder, sonnets to young ladies were his every day work when the lad was in his teens; and as an undergraduate he contributed many original stories of conspicuous merit to divers magazines. His novels have had a decided success, his minor pieces are not so well known, and we cannot but think that Mr. Perceval Graves has performed an act of but common justice in thus rescuing them from oblivion. "The Purcell Papers" (Bentley) are supposed to be extracts from the diary of a parish priest; they refer principally to scenes in the Sister Isle, and all display great literary vigour and dramatic power of a high class. It was in weird and ghost-like scenes that Mr. Le Fanu delighted to revel, and in the description of these he had in his day but few equals. Many of the stories will scarcely suit timid people as a fireside entertainment, but for railway readers they will be invaluable. We could have wished that Mr. Graves had reproduced them in a cheaper and more portable form, still even in the shape of a three-volumed novel they are most acceptable.

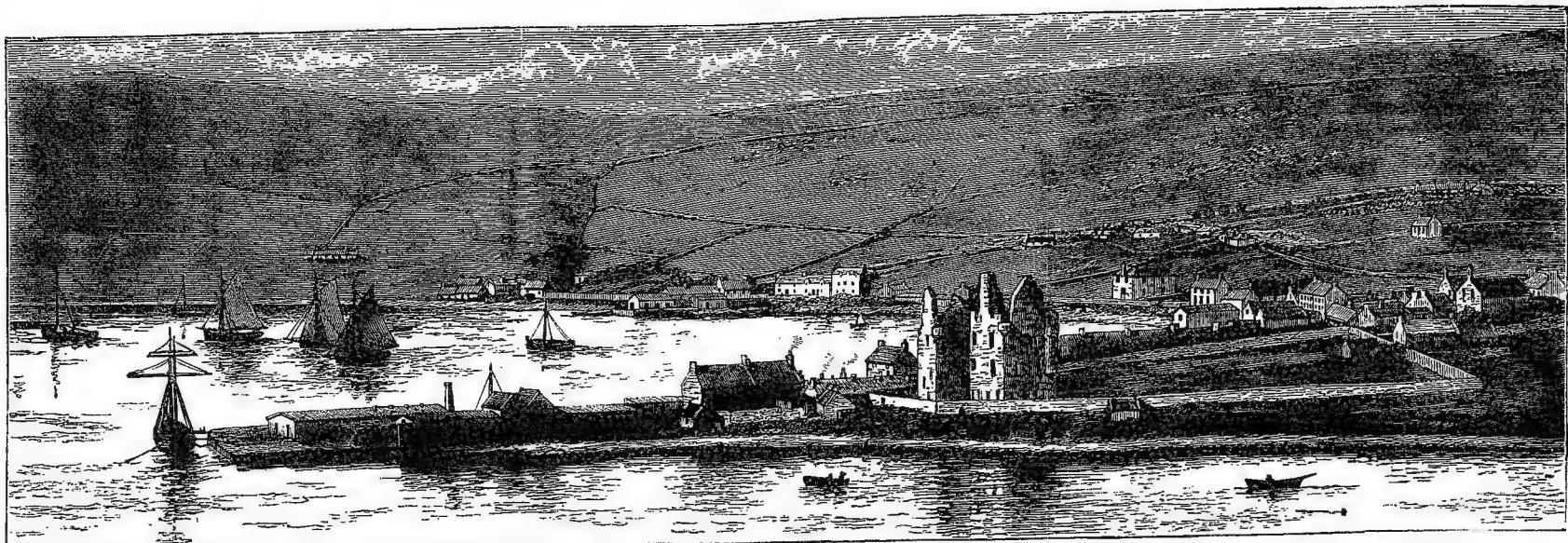
"A Fireside King," by Georgiana M. Stisted (Tinsley Brothers).—This is not a book that will command many admirers. The characters are undoubtedly drawn with a firm hand, but those who hold the more prominent places are unnatural and repulsive. The drunken old ex-Indian chaplain, who is, we presume, the "fireside king," seems to have concentrated in his misshapen frame all the vice a human being is capable of owning; his eldest daughter, Charlotte, who elopes with a "methodistical" captain in a foot regiment, seems to have inherited her father's villainous temper, and other vices of a more objectionable nature. Towards the end of the second volume Miss Stisted introduces us to a Scotch family with some pretensions to refinement; but the eldest son appears, though a well-meaning man, to be somewhat of a prig. He falls in love with the ex-chaplain's youngest daughter, a blue stocking of a malleable type; and in order to prove that the course of true love never did run smooth, the authoress shows us her father in his true character, and disposes of her heroine in the orthodox fashion by permitting her to die in the third volume of a broken heart. The book is entirely dependent on its characters. There is no attempt at scene-painting—not a description in the three long weary volumes which attempts to recall anything more romantic or natural than the Crystal Palace. It is true that Miss Stisted displays some literary skill; but in order to secure success in fiction, more than human life in its most unattractive form must be studied. We cannot call the book a pronounced failure, neither is it a striking success.

"Reata," by E. D. Gerard (Blackwood).—This excellent novel first appeared as a serial in the pages of the well-known Edinburgh Conservative Magazine, which have been the birthplace of so many of our highest works of fiction. The story will consequently be familiar to a very large circle of readers, and its merits have already been widely discussed. It is impossible to avoid awarding it the highest praise. Whether in description of Mexican tropical scenery, of German watering-place society, whether in sketching the Prussian officer, or, *place aux dames*, the fascinating young Creole heiress, Mr. Gerard is equally at home. The plot is conceived with much ingenuity, and few, even of the most *basé* type of novel readers, will be prepared for the *dénouement* which occurs in the concluding pages of the third volume. *Reata* is a most loveable character, and, despite the charms of the Countess Halka, we cannot forgive Otto, the fickle young German hussar, for lightly throwing over such a sweet woman. The book is sure to take one of the first places in the novels of the season, and we can in all sincerity congratulate Mr. Gerard on having achieved a striking success. "*Reata*" is a charming novel.

"Louisiana" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," Frances H. Burnett (Macmillan and Co.).—The republication of these tales, which originally appeared in *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, imposes on us a fresh debt of gratitude alike to author and publisher. There is something fresh and piquant about Miss Burnett's characters, as there is something new and interesting about her scenery; we are taken out of the beaten track of Anglo-Saxon novelists, and introduced to new men and new manners. A fashionable American watering-place hotel is the *mise en scène*, a fashionable New York belle and a guileless backwoods maiden the main characters; both are skilfully drawn, but interest centres in Louisiana, whose innocence and charming enthusiasm are more than sufficient to captivate the cynical journalist. The woodcuts which enriched the pages of *Scribner's Magazine* are scarcely so well printed in this book as when they originally appeared, nevertheless they add much to the value of the book, and are a vast improvement on the usual engravings of books of similar character. "*That Lass o' Lowrie's*" is a tale of English pit life in the North Country. The introduction of provincial dialects adds to the difficulty of skimming a work, and we consequently have been compelled to bestow some time ere we could thoroughly master the intricacies of the plot of the little tale. In all candour we consider it inferior to "*Louisiana*," but we must confess to feeling that Miss Burnett has in her the germs of great novelistic power, and we shall look forward with pleasure to fresh works from a pen which has already produced evidence of undoubtedly talent.

"Tom's Heathen," by Josephine R. Baker (Hodder and Stoughton).—This, again, is an American novel, and equally with the fact betrays great power and originality. The characters, each and all, have marked individuality, and this individuality is maintained to the end. It is hard to realise that the physician, whose object is to heal the sick in mind as well as those in body, is not the creation of a man schooled in the scenes Miss Baker describes with such marvellous fidelity. We can conscientiously recommend "*Tom's Heathen*" as a book possessing far more than average merit, and well calculated to make a permanent impression on the reader.

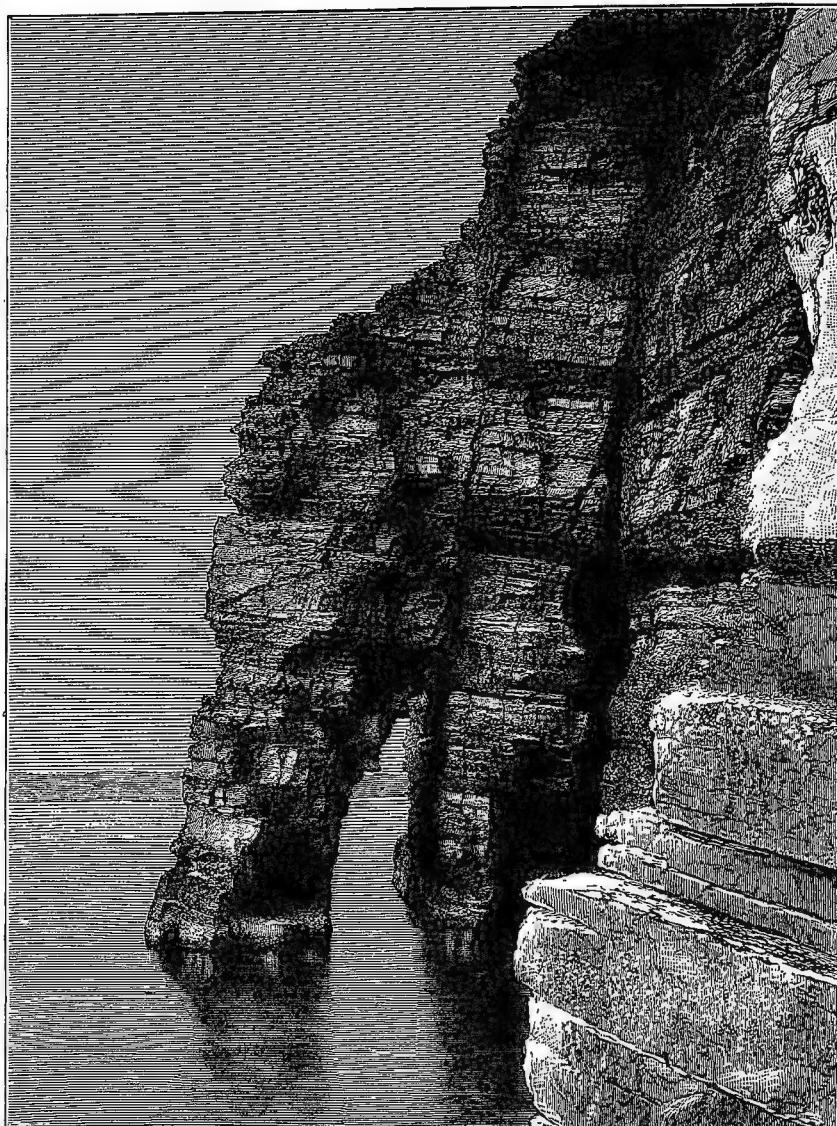
FISHING.—The Shrewsbury anglers complain that the Severn Fishery Board do not put a larger staff of water bailiffs on the great Western river. We recently alluded to the insufficient guarding of the neighbouring River Wye.



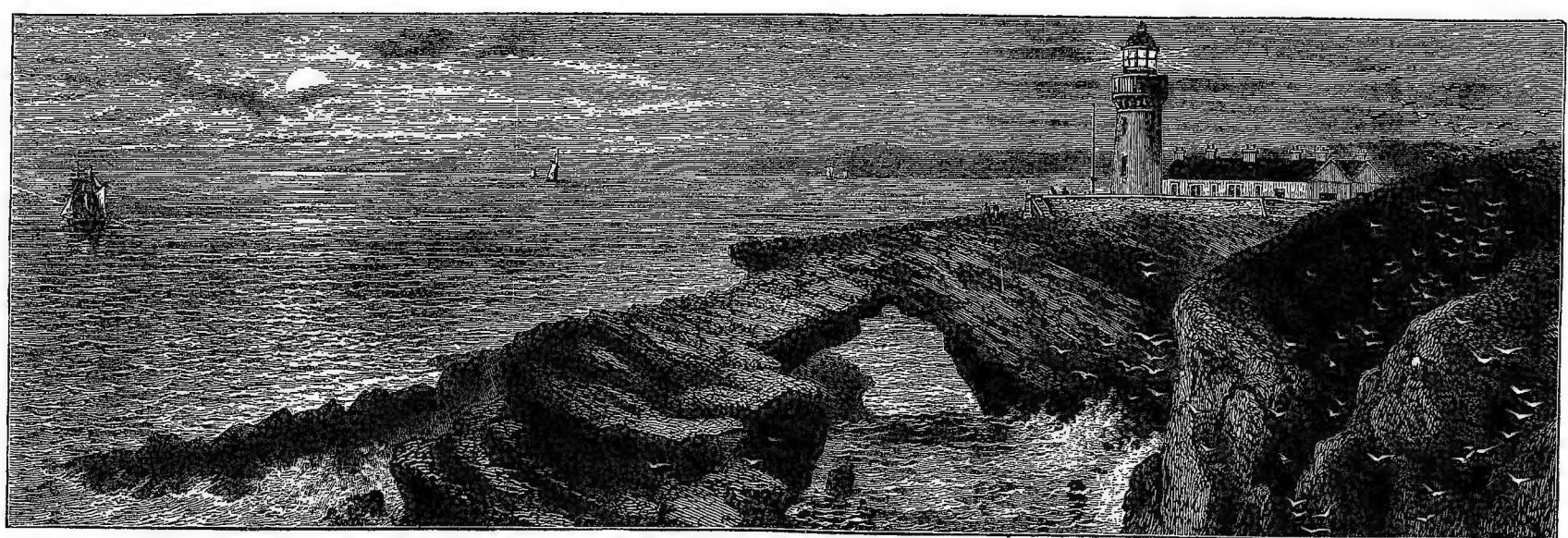
SCALLOWAY, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SHETLAND



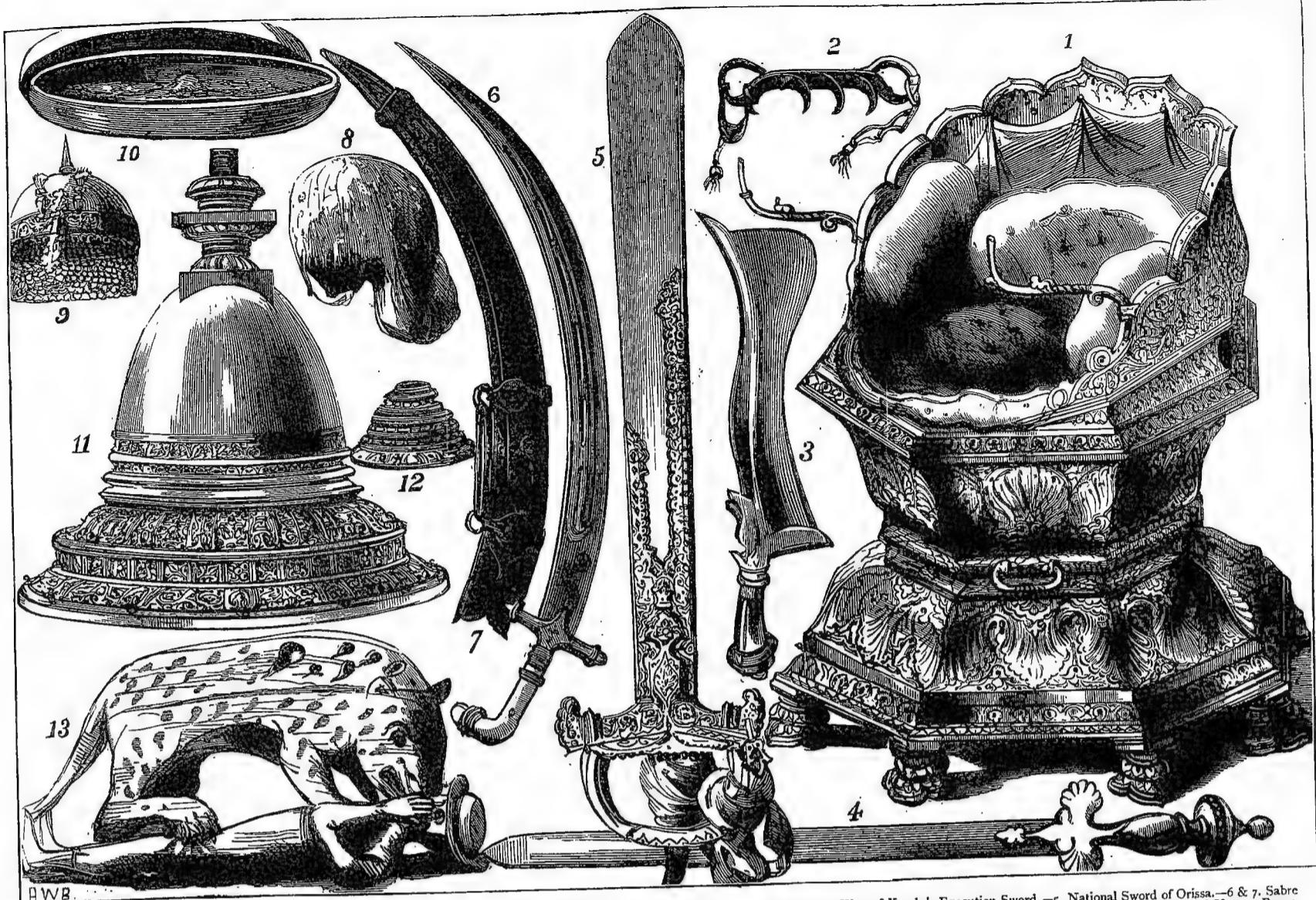
THE HOLM OF NÖSS



THE GIANT'S LEG, BRESSAY

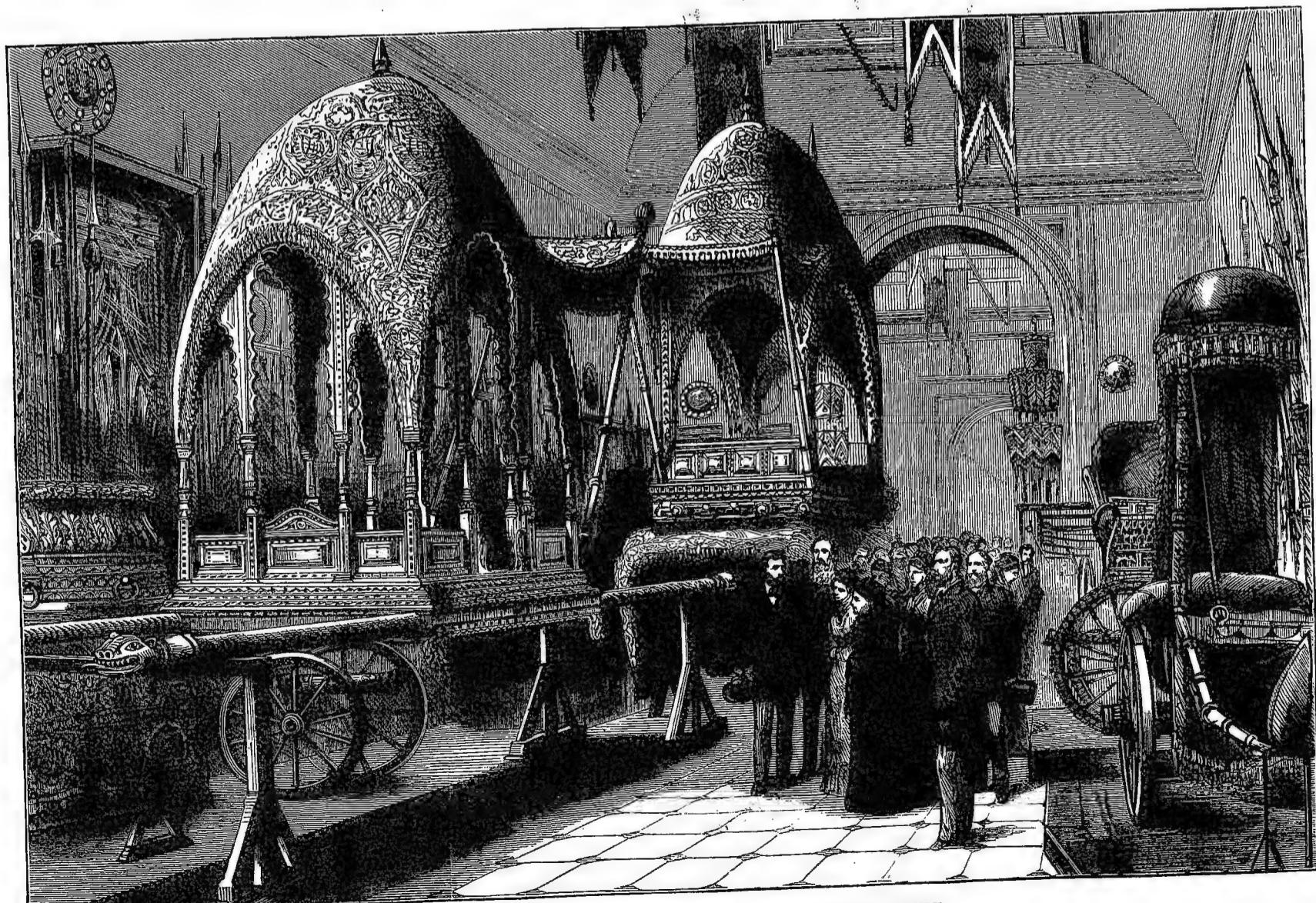


BRESSAY LIGHTHOUSE



1. Golden Throne of Ranjeet Singh.—2. Tiger Claw Weapon with which Sivaji killed Afzul Khan.—3. Sacrificial Axe from Nepal.—4. King of Kandy's Execution Sword.—5. National Sword of Orissa.—6 & 7. Sabre and Scabbard Presented by Shere Ali.—8. Quilted Cotton Helmet of Tippoo Sultan.—9. War Helmet of Tippoo Sultan taken at Seringapatam.—10, 11, & 12. Golden Relic Caskets with Calcined Human Bones found in Demolishing a Temple near Rangoon.—13. Tippoo Sultan's Tiger.

SOME HISTORICAL RELICS



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESS BEATRICE PASSING THROUGH THE ARMOURY

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE INDIAN MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Porte is greatly alarmed at the idea of another joint intervention of the Powers in its internal affairs, and the despatch of Mr. Goschen as Ambassador has manifestly excited unpleasant reminiscences of his action in Egypt, and of the deposed Khedive. Still it is evident that the English Circular has been well received by all the foreign Powers, and it is manifest that ere long Turkey will be sternly requested to fulfil her share of the Berlin Treaty without delay. All the points which did not require the active co-operation of Turkey have been satisfactorily settled, but where the matter in question had to be undertaken by the Porte little or nothing has been done. Now that two years have elapsed it is universally admitted that unless the Powers are prepared to regard the Treaty as a mere farce Turkey must be called to account for her inaction, and if she still persists in postponing the day of reckoning the question of compulsion will have to be jointly discussed. In any case it is exceedingly probable that an International Administrative Commission will be imposed upon the Porte, which will inquire into all the internal evils of the present form of government, and the prospect of this is not lessening the alarm of the Sultan and the Pashas, who are by no means anxious for an investigation of money matters—apart from anything else. Nevertheless the Porte seems to be taking no steps to conciliate the Powers by hurrying on the settlement of the various vexed questions. Happily, the most pressing of all, the Montenegrin-Albanian frontier difficulty, appears to be assuming a less threatening aspect. A small reinforcement of troops has been sent to Scutari, where the Governor has retired to the Castle, not feeling sufficiently strong to hold the town after the desertion of his Albanian battalions, while the Albanians themselves are giving few signs of action, and it is said that the men are showing a disposition to return to their homes. At the Porte also there is rumoured to be a slight reaction against the Albanians, as the word "autonomy" is far from agreeable in the ears of the Sultan just now. Thus the reply given by the Porte to the remonstrances of the Ambassadors, while in every way denying that the affair is due to the fault of the Turkish Government, suggests the appointment of the International Commission of Inquiry, and states that Mouktar Pasha has been instructed to prevent the formation of insurgent bands and the distribution of arms.

The assassin of Colonel Cummerau, although pronounced sane and condemned to death by the military tribunal, has not yet been executed, and the fanatical party who hold the good old-fashioned Mussulman view that it is no sin, but rather a commendable act, for a true believer to kill a Giaour, are making every possible effort to save him. Meanwhile another outrage has been committed, this time on an Englishman named Burness, near the spot where Colonel Cummerau was shot, our unfortunate countryman having been attacked by three robbers armed with knives. He endeavoured to defend himself, but was stabbed in three places, and now lies in a very precarious condition.

FRANCE.—There has been a very sharp battle over the Public Meetings Bill—a measure which abolishes the necessity for obtaining the permission of the police before a meeting can be held, but stipulates that due notice shall be given to the authorities, who shall have the right to send a commissary to be present, authorised to "advise" the responsible committee in the event of speeches being made contrary to public order and morality, or inciting to crimes and offences. After three such warnings, if the committee do not put a stop to the objectionable proceedings, it will be held responsible for the action of the meeting. This last clause was made more stringent, and was opposed by the Extreme Radicals, but supported by M. Gambetta, between whom and M. Clémenceau a somewhat warm discussion took place. Ultimately the clause was sent back to the Committee to be remodelled, and in its present form was warmly advocated by M. Cazot, the Minister of Justice, and ultimately passed by 263 to 203. The incident has brought about the resignation of the Minister of the Interior, M. Lépère, who has been replaced by his Under-Secretary, M. Constans. Another warmly-debated measure has been the repeal of the Sunday Observance Law of 1814, to which the Senate are by no means willing to consent. On Tuesday there was a sharp passage of arms between a Bonapartist, M. Mitchell, and M. Turquet, the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts, on the subject of the Salon. M. Mitchell accusing the Secretary of every possible misdemeanour, from the bad hanging of the pictures to the composition of the jury, from his division of the classes of works to favouring his private friends. M. Turquet made an able defence, and in his turn abused the juries, who had done all in their power to embarrass him, and had overthrown his calculations, by accepting a much larger number of works than had been ever admitted before. However this may be, the complaints of the public respecting the quantity and the quality of the works admitted have been most loudly and widely expressed.

The strikes in the north still continue, but the Government is taking active measures to restore order, and 3,000 soldiers have been posted along the Belgian frontier, so that the wholesale smuggling which was being so daringly carried on by the strikers has thus been stopped. At Rheims there has been considerable agitation, and crowds have been singing the "Marseillaise," dancing the Carmagnole, and threatening to burn out the Jesuits. On Tuesday, however, the strike was virtually brought to an end by the masters granting the main demands of the men in an interview with the delegates. The rioters who were arrested proved to be old criminals and not operatives, a fact which gives colour to the report that the whole affair is due to political, rather than social, causes.

In PARIS there is little news. The Whitsuntide holidays have been gayer than usual, owing to the fine weather, and the races have been particularly well attended, the Oaks at Chantilly being won by the favourite, Versigny, Violette, the second favourite, coming in next.—There has been only one first representation, *Les Dindons de La Farce*, a three-act comedy by MM. Charles Monselet and Lemmonier at the Athénée Comique.—At the Académie M. Rousse, a barrister, has been elected to M. Jules Favre's fauteuil.—Father Hyacinthe has gone to law with his ex-curate respecting the disposal of some of his Church funds. Two young Pasques who recently burned a delirious old gipsy fortune-teller for a sorceress, have just been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

GERMANY.—The home political horizon seems to be becoming more and more clouded, and the Ultramontane party have determined to renew the campaign against Prince Bismarck, and an important meeting of Roman Catholics, numbering some 20,000 persons, held at Dortmund has formally approved the anti-Bismarckian policy pursued by the Centre party of the Reichstag. On his side Prince Bismarck is elaborating the Bill which will empower the Ministry to put in force the May Laws at the discretion of the Government, so as to be able to offer greater inducements to the Vatican for coming to some arrangement. The troubles in Albania are exciting considerable attention, and certain journals which are reported to be inspired by the Government declare in very plain language that the insurrection is the work of the *Italia Irredenta* and other Italian Associations.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau was performed for the first time on Sunday, the village being so crowded by visitors that only

4,000 out of the 7,000 could be admitted to the theatre, and a second representation accordingly took place on Tuesday. The religious character of the performance was marked by the Masses which began at midnight, nearly all the performers attending the High Mass at five A.M. Beginning at eight A.M., the play lasted until five P.M., being interrupted towards the end by a thunderstorm, through which the spectators sat patiently without umbrellas, and got thoroughly drenched, their reverent behaviour throughout being particularly noticeable. The peasant actors, 750 in number, fulfilled their parts with simplicity and dignity, although they in some cases failed to look sufficiently sorrowful and grief-stricken, owing to the absence of any "make-up." Joseph Mair still enacts the Saviour, and the whole of the Crucifixion was carried out in a wonderfully realistic and impulsive manner, every Scriptural detail being scrupulously observed. The female parts were also played with great taste, particularly that of Mary Magdalene, and the grouping was most effective, the players being frequently better in repose than in action, and the hardy mountaineers showing to great advantage in their Biblical costumes. Tableaux from the Old Testament, intended to illustrate the types subsequently fulfilled, preceded each scene of the sacred drama, and a chorus of eighteen sang at intervals.

ITALY has been in the throes of a general election which is apparently giving a fairly good majority to the Government. The result—after estimating next Sunday's election—is calculated as follows:—Government, 264 votes; Opposition coalition of the Left, 77 votes; Legitimate Opposition of the Right, 151 votes.

INDIA.—There is little news, as Abdurrahman's reply to the conditions on which he would be offered the Ameership is not expected until next week. It is thought most probable that, tired of exile, he will accept our terms, but should he not do so General Stewart will possibly choose another candidate from the family of the late Ameer Shere Ali, whose party will consequently support the British should Abdurrahman oppose our troops. At present the Prince is said to be master of the whole country north of the Hindoo Koosh, having entirely put down the Badakshan rebellion, while he is stated to have recalled his cousin Islak for writing inflammatory letters against the British. Meanwhile, the Ghilzais are quietly awaiting the result of the mission, the chiefs declaring themselves ready to accept any Ameer chosen by the British, and the Afghans in general seem more satisfied that we shall not permanently occupy the country when matters are satisfactorily settled at Cabul. Herat continues much disturbed, and the Cabulites forces have at length persuaded Ayoo Khan, with 14,000 other troops, to march against Candahar, where, by the way, the people seem fairly contented with its constitution as a separate State. Colonel St. John has presented the Viceroy's letter and several gifts to the Wali, who has warmly expressed his gratitude to the British. In the Kuram Valley the tribes are very troublesome, and the Waziris attacked the Chappri post on the 2nd inst., killing Lieutenant Wood and ten soldiers, and wounding sixteen others before they were repulsed. All is quiet in the Logar, but a force of 900 Zurmutz have assembled to oppose our troops if any important advance should be made.

UNITED STATES.—The prospects of the elections thus far continue apparently in favour of General Grant, the numbers of 650 delegates thus far chosen for the Chicago Republican Convention being apportioned as follows:—313 in favour of General Grant, 214 for Senator Blaine, 72 for Sherman, 34 for Edmunds, and 17 for Washburne. Some of the Grant delegates, however, have "revolted," and as there are 106 more delegates to be chosen, it is thought probable that Grant will not be able to secure a majority in the Convention, and that his name will be withdrawn from the list of candidates.

President Hayes has sent to Congress the correspondence with the British Government respecting the Fortune Bay dispute, together with the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts', report on the case. The question, to state it briefly, stands thus. By the Treaty of Washington the United States fishermen were granted the privilege of fishing in certain Canadian waters. In Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, however, Canadian fishermen were prohibited by a local law from fishing during the close time, and this was the time that in March, 1878, a fleet of United States fishers appeared there and let down their nets, holding that by the Treaty of Washington they were above any local laws. The Canadian fishermen, however, thought otherwise, and on the persistence of the Americans to fish destroyed their nets and threatened to burn their boats. Then ensued complaints of the Americans to their Government, and a correspondence with Lord Salisbury, which is now before Congress. Lord Salisbury takes the view that though the Treaty cannot be made subservient to any local law subsequently made, it was not intended to override laws already in force. Mr. Evarts and President Hayes, however, think otherwise, and have recommended Congress, pending the discussion of the question, to retaliate by imposing certain fish and oil duties upon the Canadians, and to adjust the claims of the injured fishermen for future settlement either by a convention with England, or an American provision for indemnity.

AUSTRALIA.—In NEW SOUTH WALES the Sydney Exhibition closed on the 20th inst. To sum up the results, there were 1,020,000 visitors in all, and the receipts for admission amounted to 45,000/. The exhibits numbered 14,000. The constitutional difficulty between the Assembly and the Legislative Council still continues.—In VICTORIA the Cabinet is busily preparing for the coming Session, and the promised Reform Bill has been drawn up. Melbourne is fast completing the arrangements for her Exhibition, and the Government has consented to place on the Estimates a further sum of 100,000/, making a total outlay of 320,000/. There are large demands for space, especially from French and American exhibitors. Sir John Coode's scheme for the improvement of Melbourne Harbour having been adopted, the works are to be commenced immediately, thus providing labour for a number of unemployed workmen.—In QUEENSLAND a promising auriferous tract has been discovered on the Carpentarian water-shed in Cape York Peninsula.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In RUSSIA the remains of Col. Cummerau, who was lately assassinated at Constantinople, have been buried at Odessa with great ceremony. General Todleben has been made Governor of Wilna, his post at Odessa being filled by General Drenteln, the former Chief of the Gendarmerie; and the trial of the persons accused of complicity in Solovjeff's regicidal attempt, and in the death of General Meszentoff, is now proceeding. Rumours of war with China are still afloat, and war material is being sent to the Amoor district, whither vessels will also be despatched. Should war break out, General Skobeleff or Prince Imeritinsky will probably be appointed commander, the Tekke expedition being temporarily postponed.—In SPAIN, a Conference on the affairs of Morocco is sitting at Madrid under the presidency of Señor Canovas del Castillo, the chief object being the protection of foreign residents. Nineteen of the brigands who robbed the specie train in Andalusia last February have been tried, thirteen being sentenced to death, and six to twenty years' penal servitude.—The Khedive of EGYPT has dismissed the Governor and Sub-Governor of Siout, and the head of the Department for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, for not seizing a slave caravan which passed through the town, and intends to court-martial the officials.—In SOUTH AFRICA the order for the disarmament of the Basutos continues to cause much excitement, and a vote of censure on the Government has been proposed in the House. The term fixed for the surrender of arms has now, however, been extended until the 21st prox.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor at the end of last week. Before leaving town Her Majesty and the Princess paid a private visit to the New India Museum, South Kensington, being received by Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Hartington, Sir F. Sandford, Sir P. C. Owen, and several other gentlemen, who conducted the Royal party round the collection. Her Majesty minutely inspected each department, and spent more than an hour at the Museum. The Grand Duke of Hesse and his two daughters joined the Queen at Windsor on Saturday, when Her Majesty also gave audience to Mr. Goschen, who kissed hands on his appointment as Special Ambassador to the Porte. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Northbrook, Lady Southampton, and Mr. and Mrs. Goschen dined with the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, and later the Princess Beatrice and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended Evening Service at St. George's Chapel. Princess Christian dined with the Queen. As the Court is generally away from Windsor at Whitsuntide, the Queen ordered the State Apartments to be opened to the public on Whit Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Windsor in the morning, and Lord Beaconsfield arrived in the evening, and dined with Her Majesty, Lord Rowton, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, and Major Bromhead also joining the party. On Tuesday the Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters were present at the opening by Princess Christian of the bazaar in aid of the Albert Institute, to which the Queen sent portraits of the Royal Family, while Princess Beatrice contributed a peacock screen and some dolls, and the Princess Christian and her children some of their own work. On Wednesday the Queen held a Council, and yesterday (Friday) evening, Her Majesty with Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters, would leave Windsor for Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have visited Cornwall this week. They spent Whit Sunday in town, and with their family attended Divine Service in the morning at the Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. On Monday the Prince and Princess with their two sons travelled to Torquay, where they stayed the night with the Duchess of Sutherland, being greeted at the station by several friends and a guard of honour, while crowds lined the road to Sutherland Lodge. Later the Prince and Princess drove out and visited the Imperial Hotel, where the suite was staying, and All Saints' Church, and next morning, after the Prince and his sons had been shopping in the town, they went on to Tregothnan to stay with Viscount and Viscountess Falmouth, receiving a hearty welcome at Grampound Road Station, and from the tenants assembled on the road to Tregothnan. A ball was given in their honour on Tuesday night, and Wednesday was spent quietly, a dinner party taking place in the evening. On Thursday they drove to Truro, which was fully decorated and adorned with triumphal arches, and went in State to the Cathedral, where the Prince laid the foundation-stone with due Masonic rites, and subsequently another stone ecclesiastically. A grand luncheon followed, after which the Royal party were present at a review. They would return to London yesterday (Friday), and in the evening the Prince and Princess would go to Lady Julia Wombwell's dance, while to-night the Prince presides at a dinner in aid of the Princess Helena College. The Prince and Princess have promised to open the remaining bridges across the Thames—Putney, Wandsworth, and Hammersmith—when freed to the public, while the Princess will lay the foundation-stone of the new Chelsea Hospital for Women early in July.—The Prince has taken Titness Park, Sunninghill, for Ascot week.—Prince Albert Victor will probably enter Sandhurst College as a gentleman cadet in September, and after a year's instruction will be gazetted to the Rifle Brigade, now commanded by the Duke of Connaught. Meanwhile Prince George is likely to make another trip in the *Bacchante*.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited Great Yarmouth on Wednesday to inspect the Coast Guard and Naval Reserve, and was present at the annual review of the Norfolk Artillery Militia. He stayed with Lord Suffield. Next month the Duke will make a short cruise as commander of a squadron of nine ironclad coast-guard vessels, which will go to sea for evolutionary purposes.—The Duchess of Connaught will open the new wards of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children on June 2nd.—Prince Leopold left in the *Sardinian* last week for Canada, and whilst visiting the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne will probably join a sporting expedition.

The Crown Princess of Germany left Paris on her way home on Sunday, after a few days' stay, during which she frequently visited the Salon, and dined with Lord Lyons.—The King and Queen of the Belgians, with the Princess Stéphanie, will shortly visit London.—The ex-Empress Eugénie during her stay at Durban occupied the same room and used the same carriage as her son. She will travel in Cape carts to Ityotyozi, arriving on the anniversary of his death. Here the spot where he fell, and the grave of the two troopers, are surrounded by a ditch and wall, violets and trees being planted.—The Empress of Russia continues to fluctuate in health, but it is thought she will hardly survive the autumn.



MR. GLADSTONE'S ROMAN CATHOLIC APPOINTMENTS.—The address sent by the British Reformation Society protesting against the appointments of Roman Catholic peers to the offices of Viceroy of India and Lord Chamberlain, has been replied to by the Premier in a letter addressed to Lord Oranmore, in which Mr. Gladstone says that Her Majesty's Government reposed a particular confidence in the honour, integrity, and impartiality of Lord Ripon, and that they are convinced, from long experience of his personal qualities, that he would never allow his own religious leanings or professions to interfere with the perfect equity of his conduct in any case where religious interests might be concerned. It is added that the office of Viceroy is one detached in a remarkable degree from all direct contact with religious and ecclesiastical interests, and that in the case of the Lord Chamberlain's office, Lord Kenmare, as has been publicly stated, has by a voluntary arrangement divested himself of all functions bearing upon ecclesiastical matters.

THE MAY MEETINGS are now nearly over. Amongst the Societies whose anniversaries have been celebrated in London during the week are the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, the Evangelical Alliance, the Scripture Readers' Association, the Irish Evangelisation Society, the Sailors' Home and Destitute Sailors' Asylum, the Society for the Home Teaching of the Blind, the Anti-Vivisection Society, the Education Society, the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society, the Aborigines' Protection Society, and the Peace Society; whilst in the provinces we have had the annual session of the Northern Association of Baptist Churches at Stockton-on-Tees; and the annual Conference of the

Yorkshire Association of Baptists at Scarborough.—On Thursday the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland met at Edinburgh, the most important matter for discussion being the alleged heresy of Professor Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen, who so far back as May, 1877, was suspended from his professorial though not from his ministerial functions till his case should have been adjudicated on.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Preaching at Farnworth on Sunday last, the Bishop of Manchester said that he wanted to have it shown in what respect the Church of England hindered religious liberty, now that the intolerant Acts of Compulsory Uniformity had been abolished. He found that people were beginning to recognise that there was a spirit of comprehension, liberality, and thoroughness in the Church of England which they would be very sorry to exchange for the more stringent formularies and the more searching tests which were sometimes made the test of membership by bodies that stood outside; and he had no belief himself that if the Church of England were disendowed and disestablished, it would be any gain to religious freedom.

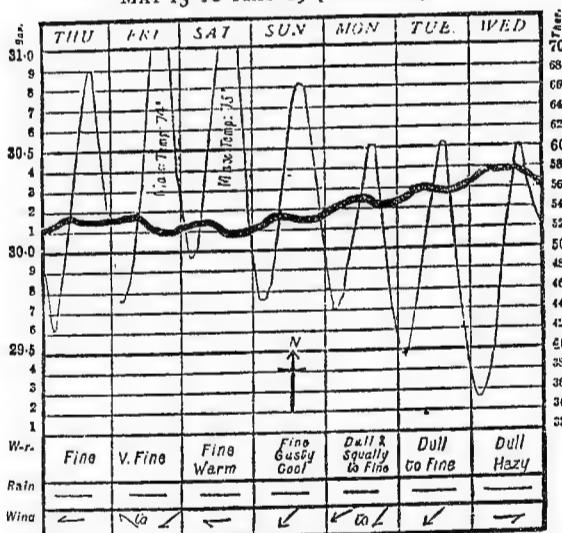
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY was celebrated at Halifax on Tuesday by a great musical demonstration in the Market Hall, a large building enclosing an uncovered quadrangle. There were 99 schools represented, which sent 3,773 teachers and 26,547 scholars, besides whom there were 500 vocal performers, 500 instrumentalists, and about 9,000 spectators. The scholars and teachers wore medals and clasps bearing a bas-relief of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools. The singing, which was very fine, could be heard all over the town and on the heights of Beacon Hill.—On Monday the usual Whitsuntide gatherings of Sunday School children and teachers took place at Manchester and Sheffield. At the former place about 17,000 children walked in procession to the Cathedral, where a special service was held; whilst at the latter some 15,000 assembled in Norfolk Park, where were fully 50,000 spectators.

THE CITY CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD PROTECTION SOCIETY, which was formed last year, and which now numbers amongst its members the Poet Laureate, the President of the Royal Academy, the Dean of St. Paul's, several members of both Houses of Parliament, and many other influential personages, has obtained the consent of the Lord Mayor to hold its first public meeting at the Mansion House, on the 23rd ult.

FLOWER SERMON IN THE CITY.—On Tuesday, the Rector of St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, preached his Annual Flower Sermon, to a congregation mainly of children, all of whom brought flowers. Dr. Whittemore took as his text the words "The hyssop that springeth from the wall," and explaining that the plant had always been valued for its healing properties, proceeded to draw moral comparisons between flowers and little children.

THE "MIRACLES" AT KNOCK.—The *Tablet*, in reviewing the evidence which has been laid before the Ecclesiastical Commission appointed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam to examine into the apparitions alleged to have taken place at Knock, together with the miraculous cures said to have followed, says:—"We must, of course, reserve our final judgment until Ecclesiastical authority has pronounced upon the character of the phenomena, but it is difficult to resist the force of the depositions; and while the apparitions appear to be well attested, there cannot be the least doubt that remarkable cures have been obtained."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
MAY 13 TO MAY 19 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.— The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Tuesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week has been dry throughout, the nights have all been cool, and some of them positively cold, and the temperature of the daytime has varied greatly. On Friday and Saturday (14th and 15th inst.) the thermometer rose to 74° and 75° in the shade respectively, while on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (17th, 18th, and 19th inst.) the maximum were only 60° . Easterly and north-easterly winds have been general, but on Wednesday (19th inst.) a temporary shift to the westward occurred, without any increase of temperature. The barometer was highest (30.38 inches) on Wednesday (19th inst.); lowest (30.07 inches) on Saturday (15th inst.); range, 0.31 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (75°) on Saturday (15th inst.) and lowest (35°) on Wednesday (19th inst.); range, 40° . No rainfall has been measured.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The return of Madame Adelina Patti to the scene of her earliest triumphs, previous to her name becoming famous over the world of Art, seldom fails to be an event of exceptional interest for habitual patrons and frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera. When Patti comes Mr. Gye's season is at its zenith; and so it is at its zenith now. The house on Saturday wore all the aspect of a gala-night. Royalty was present as a matter of course, and amateurs who know what finished singing means, and what a rare phenomenon is a perfect lyric artist, were assembled in hundreds. The opera chosen for the occasion was Gounod's *Romeo et Giuliette*, which, if not exactly another *Faust*, contains some of the gifted composer's happiest and brightest thoughts. Had Gounod produced *Romeo* in 1859 and *Faust* in 1867, instead of vice versa, *Faust* would in all probability have stood to *Romeo* much in the same position as by general consent *Romeo* stands to *Faust*. But it was otherwise ordained, and thus we have now another *Faust*, considerably diluted. Had Gounod been a man of genius, besides being a man of extraordinary talent, he would have given us two very different creations: for there is absolutely nothing in common

between Shakespeare's "star-crossed lovers" and the Faust and Gretchen of the German poet-philosopher. Both the opera of Gounod and Madame Patti's embodiment of its heroine have been dwelt upon at length on various occasions. Enough, then, that the universally popular Italian-Spanish-American-English "prima donna" (for, on various accounts, she is all four) was welcomed with the accustomed enthusiasm, and fully rewarded her admirers by one of her very finest performances—a performance for intense dramatic feeling and finished vocalisation not easy to surpass. The Romeo of Signor Nicolini was marked throughout by the utmost earnestness, and credit is due to him for restoring the air sung by Romeo, in his *liloquy*, before Juliet's appearance in the balcony—an air which, though usually omitted, represents at least "some necessary question of the play." Madame Patti's next part was Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, which brought another brilliant audience on Tuesday night. Not a new phrase could be invented that would add anything to what has been said over and over again about this incomparable assumption. Many Rosinas have been seen in our time, but not another such Rosina as Adelina Patti. We must confess, however, to a belief that the introduction of such things as Eckert's "Echo Song" in the Lesson Scene sets dramatic propriety at nought, and that only the manner in which it is executed atones for the incongruity. "Home, Sweet Home," in reply to the encore, is now always expected, and to hear it sung as Madame Patti sings it is more than enough to explain the renewed popularity this simple old ballad has obtained. About the Figaro of Signor Cotogni and the Bartolo of Signor Ciampi it will suffice to say that if the former would sing so as to be heard *more* distinctly and the latter so as to be heard *less* distinctly, the gain would be on both sides. Signor Nicolini was the gay and adventurous Almaviva, and Signor De Reszke the best Basilio we have seen for a long time, singing and acting the fine air, "La Calunnia" (clearly suggested by Mozart's "La Vendetta," given to Bartolo in the *Nozze*), with admirable emphasis, unspoilt by the exaggerated buffoonery which too frequently disfigures and robs it of its dramatic significance. On Thursday *Mignon* was to be revived, with Madame Albani as the heroine—a treat for all *cognoscenti*; Madame Patti was announced for the heroine of *La Traviata* last night; and for this evening we are promised the *Sonnambula*, with Madame Albani as Amina.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The preliminary arrangements for the season having been already announced in *The Graphic*, we have merely to state that the theatre reopened its doors on Saturday night, the opera selected being Gounod's (happily) irrepressible *Faust*. The occasion, however, was one of more than ordinary interest, the Margaret of the evening being Madame Christine Nilsson, than whom a more ideal Margaret it would be hardly possible to conceive. The early appearance of so distinguished an artist was a real boon to subscribers, who are too often compelled to wait some weeks for the attractions they most eagerly covet. Another interesting feature of the performance was the *début* in Italian-spoken opera of our rising tenor, Mr. Joseph Maas, who has often been heard in English on the same boards. The conductor was Signor Arditi, who with easy confidence fills the chair of late years occupied by his renowned compatriot, Sir Michael Costa. Signor Arditi, however, sits where he has often sat before, and it may be remembered to his credit that he was the first to produce an Italian version of *Faust* in this country (June, 1863). Owing to the secession of Sir Michael, some few of the leading members of the orchestra have seceded also; but their places have been promptly and adequately supplied, and there is small reason for complaint. About the Margaret of Christine Nilsson column after column, page after page, has been written without exhausting the theme. It was the second part in which the accomplished Swedish songstress won the sympathies of the London public, her first having been Violetta in the *Traviata* (June 8th, 1867). Much as her Violetta was extolled, opinion declared unanimously in favour of its immediate successor, as better suited to an individuality which clothes all such parts as combine feminine grace, tenderness, and passion subdued until passion becomes uncontrollable, with a characteristic and abiding charm. As Madame Nilsson's Margaret was then, so is it now, only brought nearer and nearer to perfection by the aid of practice and experience. That she has made it a special study can hardly admit of a doubt. On Saturday she seemed more than usually absorbed in her task. The dreamy, innocent Margaret, the impassioned Margaret, when, under irresistible fascination, her pent-up feelings give way to abandoned expression, the contrite Margaret, when contrition would appear too late, and the triumphant Margaret, resisting the final temptation to escape with Faust from her dungeon, were portrayed with equal truth and power. Through this brief summary the effect created in the most familiar and important situations is conveyed; but it should be added that some delicate and subtle touches were observed—especially in the Garden-duet with Faust, the scene of Valentine's death, and above all that of the Cathedral—which both in a dramatic and a novel sense enhanced the artistic completeness of the assumption. Mr. Maas won a legitimate success. To play Faust in company with such a Margaret was no easy task for our young tenor; but so fine a voice as his, produced so naturally and with such absence of effort, was a recommendation in itself. Mr. Maas, besides, has been well tutored in the art of vocalisation, and his delivery of "Salve dimora" (the violin *obbligato* admirably played by Herr Straus) was equally expressive and refined, amply deserving the prolonged applause it obtained. As an actor he has to learn that which only further experience of the stage and assiduous study can bring. He enjoys all the indispensable requisites, and we are inclined to think the noble, indispensible ambition to put them to good use. Mr. Maas was heartily encouraged by the audience, and such encouragement should stimulate him to fresh exertion. The other parts in *Faust* were sustained by Madame Trebelli, Signors Del Puente and Galassi—old hands, the mention of whose names must suffice. Madlle. Nevada, a new and very young soprano, of whom, if we are not greatly mistaken, more will be heard, has made a successful *début*, as Amina, in the *Sonnambula*; and the Carmen of all Carmens, Miss Minnie Hauk, has once more satisfied the public by her picturesque and admirable assumption of the strangely attractive Andalusian gipsy. On Thursday *Aida* was to be given, with Madame Marie Rôze as the Ethiopian Princess, and for to-night we are to have a second representation of *Faust*, with Madame Nilsson *Lohengrin*, to be conducted by Herr Richter, is postponed till Thursday next.

Thursday next.—A monument to the great composer, Joseph Haydn, is about to be erected in Vienna—a worthy sequel to the Beethoven monument but recently unveiled in the Austrian capital.—Mdlle. Caroline Salla is re-engaged for next season at the St. Petersburg Italian Opera. She is not to pay London a visit this year. So much the worse,—a dramatic *prima donna* is sadly wanted.—It is stated that the great contrabassist, Bottesini, will be the next conductor at the St. Petersburg Opera.—The room in which Mozart was born (No. 7, Getreidestrasse, Salzburg) is to be thrown open to the public. Why not long since? It would have attracted many pilgrims.—The *Sorcerer* of Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert has been produced with great success at Boston (U.S.).—Arrangements are pending for next season between the direction of the Madrid Opera and Madame Adelina Patti.—It is said that Herr Ludwig Strauss has resigned his position as leader and solo violinist at Her Majesty's Theatre.—The death at Madrid of Fuentes, author of “A History of Music in Spain,” is announced.—Rubinstein's last concert in St. Petersburg brought 8,150 roubles, the whole of

which sum was bestowed by the eminent "virtuoso" upon charities.—The successor of Herr Max Bruch as conductor of the Stern concerts in Berlin will be Herr Rudorff. The post was offered to Herr Jules Stockhausen, who declined, in consequence of the yearly honorarium being only 4,500 marks. Herr Bruch now obtains from the Liverpool Philharmonic Society more than twice that sum.—Professor Kaspar Zambusch, originator of the project of the Beethoven statue at Vienna, has received the honorary freedom of the city.—The death of Signor Libani, whose last opera, *Sardanapalo*, won such genuine success at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, is announced, at the early age of thirty-eight. Libani had previously composed other operas, but *Sardanapalo* was unanimously hailed as his best. Of this he had superintended all the rehearsals, but did not live to witness its success. Libani was one of the musical hopes of young Italy.



THE QUEEN *v.* SIR C. REED.—The glorious uncertainty of the law is well exemplified in the varying legal opinions which have been expressed concerning the nature and extent of the borrowing powers of the London School Board. It will be remembered that last year a sum of 10,000*l.*, temporarily borrowed on the recommendation of the Finance Committee, was disallowed by the auditor, who surcharged it personally upon the members of the Board. The Law Officers of the Crown were then consulted, and here arose the first difference of opinion. Sir J. Holker held that the auditor was wrong, Sir H. Giffard that he was right. The matter was next submitted to the Queen's Bench Division, where the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Lush, holding that there was no room for argument, decided that the Board had only exercised such powers as were given to it by necessary implication when it was constituted. This decision was, however, reversed last week by the Court of Appeal, so that unless there is a further appeal made to the House of Lords, and the latest judgment by them again reversed, the members of the London School Board may have to pay out of their own private pockets for their over-zeal in the cause of education.

SEVERAL CHARGES OF LIBEL have arisen out of the recent General Election. In one of these the editor and proprietor of the *Referee* were summoned for announcing that "Lumpy Hughes, Bos Tyler, and Tom Tyler, and twenty other prize fighters have been engaged by Mr. Bartley the Conservative Candidate for Hackney." On the defendants' behalf it was objected that Mr. Bartley, the only person libelled, was not there to complain, and after a long legal argument Mr. Alderman Knight decided that he could not hear evidence as to the truth or falsehood of the paragraph, which in his opinion was not a libel. He therefore dismissed the summons. — Less fortunate are the proprietors of the *Western Gazette* of Yeovil, who have been committed for trial (on bail), for having printed in their paper a letter signed by a Mr. Barnes, which, it was alleged, imputed to Mr. Bennett Stanford that he was the originator of the disturbances at the Shaftesbury election. A draper named Barnes was also charged as the writer of the letter, but the case broke down in consequence of the proprietors declining to produce the manuscript.

LAMBRI v. LABOUCHERE.—This trial came to an end on Saturday, when the Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, left four distinct questions to the jury—first, whether M. Lambri and a confederate cheated at cards at Raphael's; second, whether he and a confederate cheated at cards at De Sterke's; third, whether he conspired with Belliard and Guagni to come to this country to win money by cheating at cards; and fourth, whether he assumed the fictitious title of "Pasha" in order to obtain an introduction into clubs and private houses for the purpose of winning money by cheating at cards. The jury, after deliberating half-an-hour, answered all these questions in the affirmative. The Lord Chief Justice then said that in his opinion these findings were sufficient to support a verdict for the defendant; but, at the desire of the prosecutor's counsel, he put a fifth question, whether Lambri won by foul play at the Cavendish and London and County Clubs? The reply was that there was not sufficient evidence on the point. It was then urged by Mr. Lambri's counsel that the facts proved were not known at the time of the publication of the libel, and so could not justify it; but the Lord Chief Justice was of opinion that on the findings of the jury there must be a verdict for the defendant on the plea of justification, and judgment was given accordingly.

THE APPLICATION to commit Mr. Fortescue Harrison, late M.P. for the Kilmarnock Boroughs, for contempt of Court in neglecting to obey an order of the Court of Chancery, was renewed before Vice-Chancellor Hall last week. The question arose out of the winding-up of the Anglo-French Co-operative Society. The Vice-Chancellor came to the conclusion that if Mr. Harrison had acted wrongly he had acted *bona fide*, and that it was a mistake to attempt to get a decision upon the main facts in the case upon an application to commit for contempt. He, therefore, refused to make the order.

make the order.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.—The *Law Times* points out that if the Claimant had been sentenced to only one term of seven years' penal servitude, and the "marks" for good conduct which he has earned during his imprisonment had been taken into account, he would have been set at liberty on a ticket-of-leave some months ago. It considers that under these circumstances the late Solicitor General was scarcely justified in saying that there was no necessity for accelerating the hearing of the case. The *Daily News*, however, remarks that the Claimant's first term of seven years will not expire until February next, and that, supposing it should turn out that that was the utmost extent of his legal sentence, his liberation before then would have been a concession rather than a right. The annual Tichborne demonstration was held in Hyde Park on Monday, Mr. M. Kenealy, Captain Morison, and the eldest son of the Claimant forming the nucleus of a small crowd of sympathisers. Resolutions were passed "protesting before high Heaven against the continued unjust incarceration of Sir Roger Tichborne, and the still more infamous persecution and hounding to death of his noble, fearless and faithful counsel because he honestly defended his client," and also against "the unnecessary delay and gross mis-statement made in reference to the Writ of Error as an outrage committed in the sacred name of justice."

A PECULIAR CASE was dealt with the other day at Cardiff. The under-boots of an hotel was charged with stealing 25*l.* in banknotes which had been entrusted to him to get changed. Instead of doing so he came to London, and spent the money, but was subsequently arrested. He was, however, discharged, the magistrate explaining that, according to law, there was a contract between the parties the prisoner having undertaken to bring back something different to what he received, although the five *l.* notes were equally valuable and that, said the deputy-stipendiary, took the matter out of the range of criminal proceedings.

CURIOS TREASURE TROVE.—Eighty 5/- Bank of England notes were dug up in a meadow at Dover the other day. They were encased in plaster of Paris, and had been damaged by the wet. So far as the numbers could be made out, they correspond with the notes stolen in 1872 from the Paymaster's Office, Walmer.



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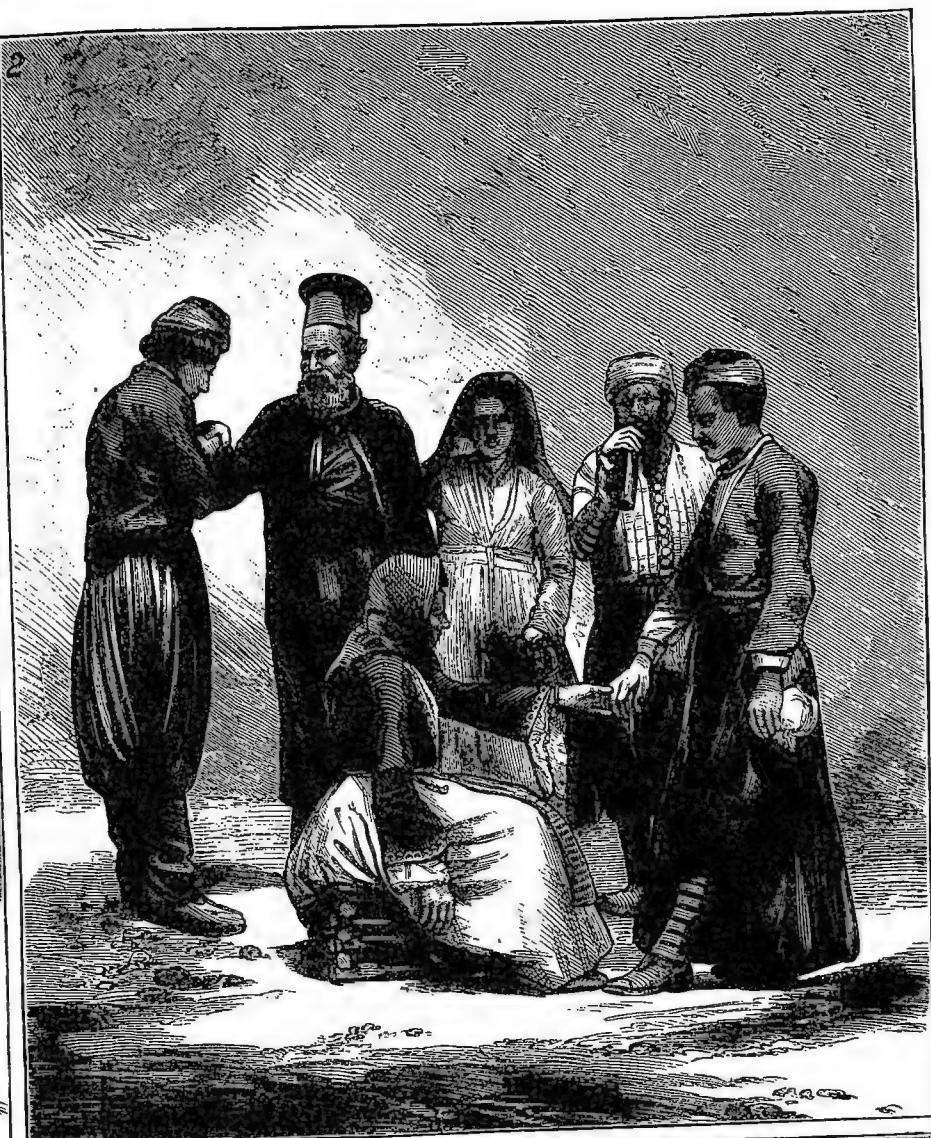
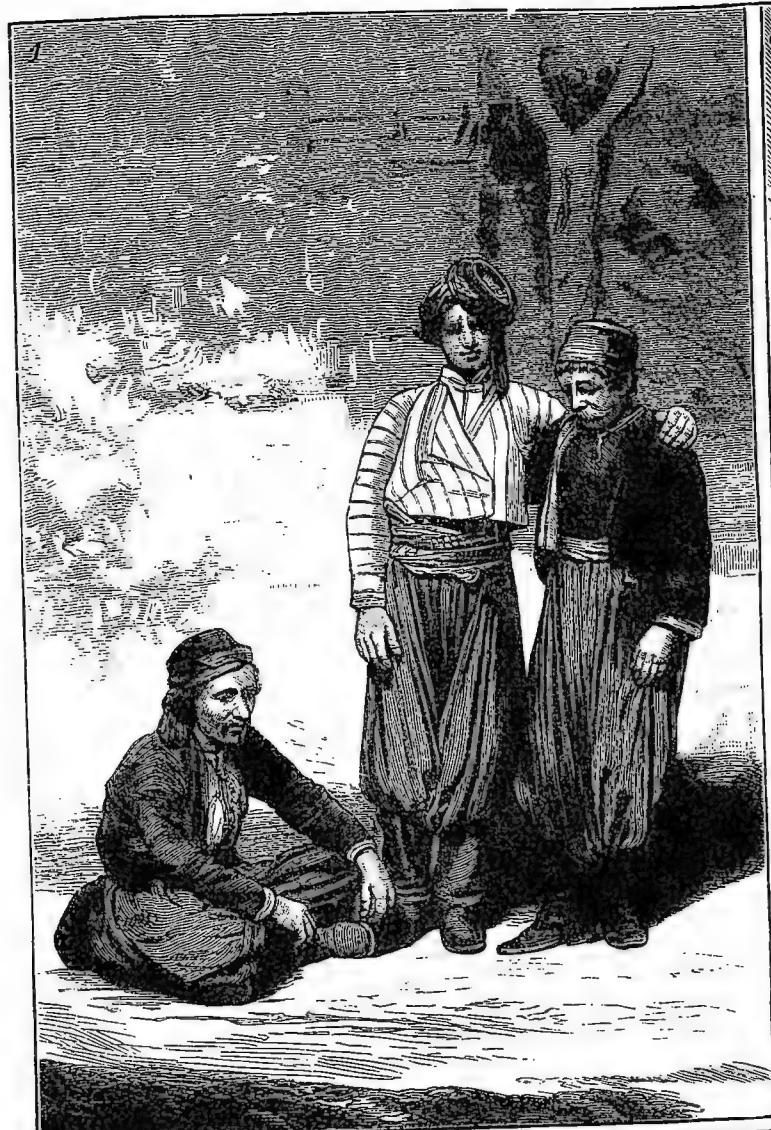
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Royal Marine Barracks, on which occasion nearly 2,000l. was stolen.

"THE KING OF THE COINERS." — An old man named Carroll, who for years has been known by the above sobriquet, and whose wife was recently sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for passing bad money, has been arrested at Liverpool by some detective policemen, who found him in an unoccupied house in the very act of polishing a counterfeit shilling. An electro-plating apparatus and a quantity of spurious coin were also seized.

M. OFFENBACH'S LATEST OPERA, "BELLE LURETTE," will be produced at the Paris Renaissance in September.

A TROPHY OF ZULU RELICS from the battlefield of Zambula Mountain, composed of native shields, assegais, garments, and ornaments, has been placed in the Sergeants' Mess of the Army Service Corps at Woolwich.

MARRIAGE.

On the 13th inst., at the parish church of East Hoathly, Sussex, by the Rev. Henry Stuart Fagan, Vicar of St. Just-in-Penwith, Cornwall, father of the bridegroom, and by the Rev. Edward Langdale, rector of the parish, the Rev. HENRY MORTIMER FAGAN, of Worcester College, Oxford, B.A., to CATHERINE ELIZA, eldest daughter of JOSEPH RICKETT, Esq., of Barham House, East Hoathly, Sussex.

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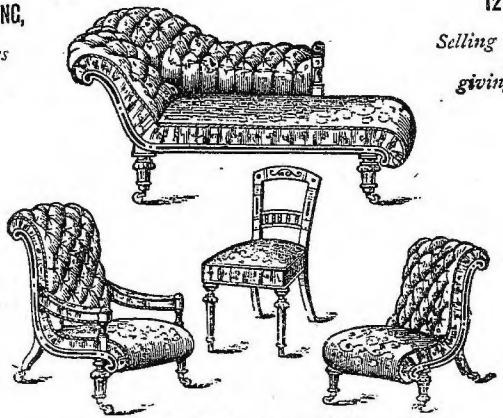
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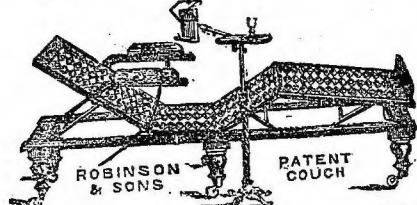
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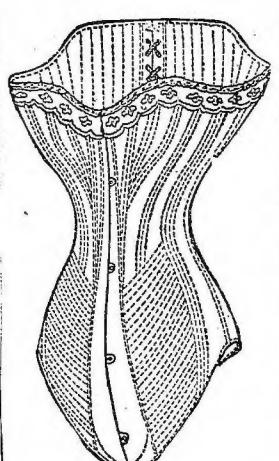
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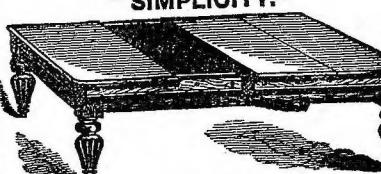
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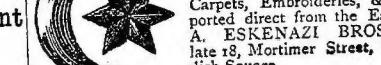
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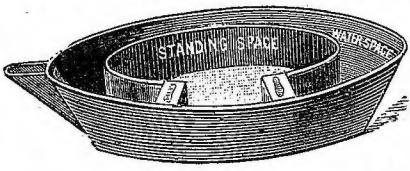


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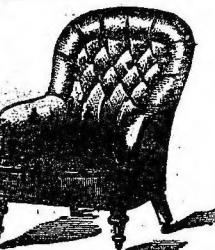
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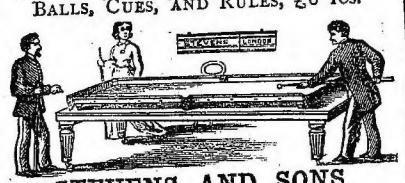
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